

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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See
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Two

TEARS FOR A KING FROM THE B.B.C.

THE AIR LINER OF TOMORROW

AND A GIANT OF TODAY

A Hundred Thousand Horse-Power and 1500 Passengers

LIKE A FLYING TOWN

The artist responsible for the pictures of the huge air liner shown on this page has admittedly drawn on his imagination.

There are many who will think his conception fantastic, but the amazing progress made during a quarter of a century of flight should encourage us not to be surprised at anything that may happen in the air in the next quarter of a century.

In 1908 flimsy-looking box-kites were staggering round aerodromes or taking short cross-country hops carrying one or two men. Now, the great 40-seater planes of Imperial Airways make their regular journeys along the air routes of the Empire, and the German Do X has carried 170 people into the clouds.

Over 200 On Board

Plans have been prepared by the Rumpler Company in Germany for a machine even greater than the Do X.

The new machine will be of the flying-boat type and will have a wing span of 288 feet and a length of 160 feet. It will be driven by ten 1000 horse-power engines and is designed to carry 170 passengers, a crew of 35, and 13,000 pounds of goods and mail at a speed of 187 miles an hour.

The flying liner shown in our pictures is about ten times as big as the proposed Rumpler. It has enormous twin hulls holding tanks of petrol and oil, which are pumped along pipe-lines to the 12 great motors. These are mounted on the wing, six along the front edge and six along the rear; each drives a 50-foot propeller.

Two-Storey Wings

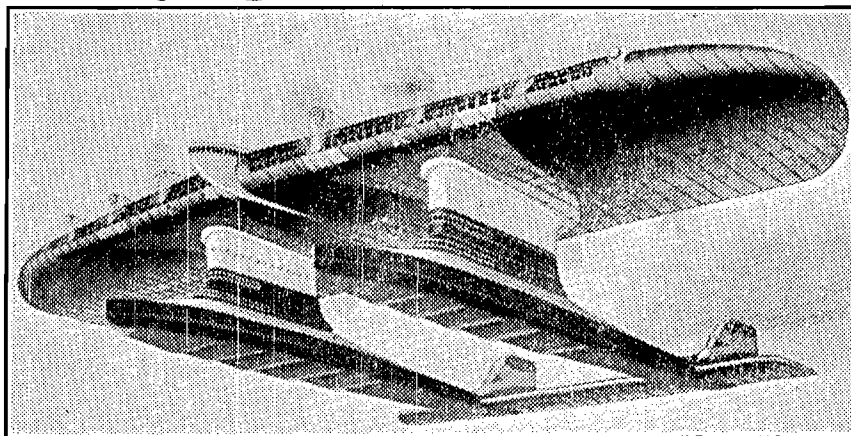
All passenger accommodation is inside the wings, and it includes dining-saloons, lounges, and smoking-rooms on two storeys, and, along the front edge, a promenade deck from which views of the earth below may be had through thick glass windows. The structures between the hulls and the wings contain storage places for goods and mail, quarters for the officers and crew, reception hall, and so on. Provision is made on the top of one of the hulls for a catapult so that smaller planes can be launched while the machine is in flight.

Engines giving a total of 100,000 horse-power are suggested as necessary to lift the machine's total weight of 1600 tons, which includes 1500 passengers and 450 tons of fuel and pay load. It will be almost like a flying town.

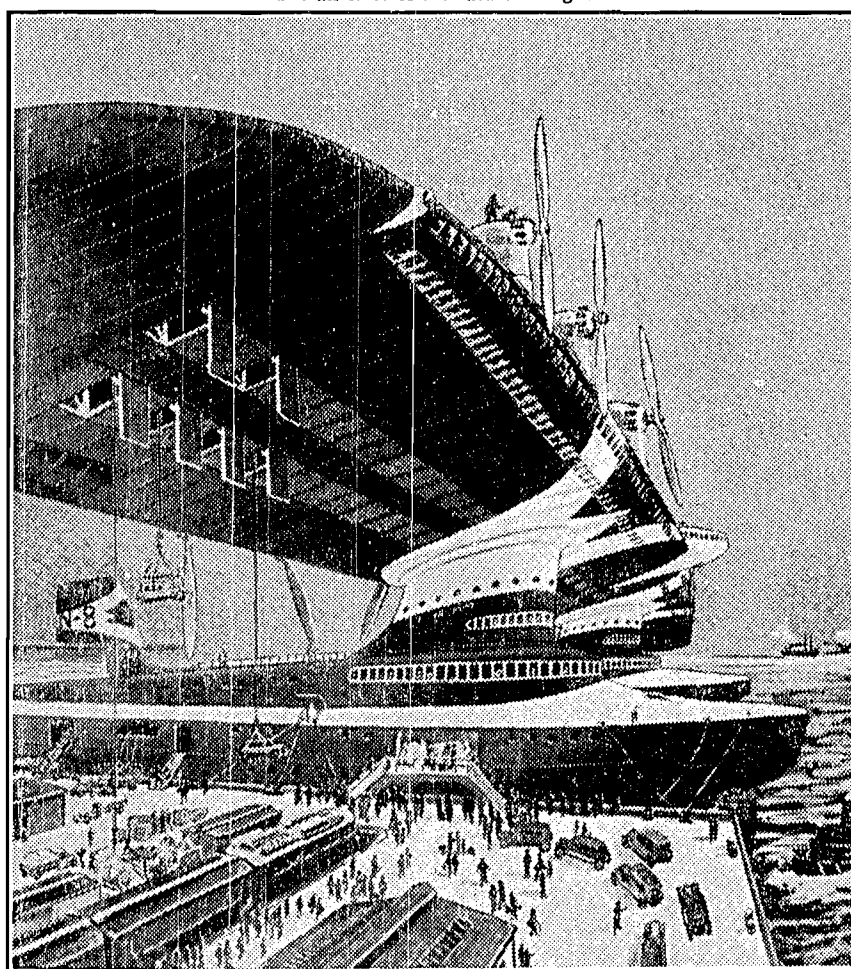
Safety arrangements include a device for flooding with chemicals any part of the vessel where fire may break out.

There are undoubtedly many problems to be solved before such a giant can take to the air, but who dare say that it will not come?

A Flying Town of the Future



The air liner of the future in flight



Embarking passengers and goods. A craft like this, which is described in the previous column, would have lifts between the hulls and the wing.

THREE MEN FALL IN THEIR PROUD HOUR

AN attempt to beat their own record has resulted in sad disaster for three Russian balloonists.

The three men set out secretly one morning to explore the cosmic rays in the stratosphere. Wireless messages were received from time to time from the steel gondola in which they sat, and the listening world was astounded to hear them calling and announcing that they had reached a height of nearly fourteen miles.

Then, alas! in that proud hour, some unknown disaster struck them and the gondola was wrenched from its gas-bag and fell hurtling to the ground below.

So terrific was the crash that most of the instruments were smashed.

Fortunately the barograph received no damage. It revealed that a height of 13½ miles was attained and that the balloon floated at that limit for 12 minutes. It ceased recording at 4.21, two minutes before the crash of one of the men stopped in crashing. The notebook of the balloonists has its last entry timed 4.10, when the trouble probably began. They have perished with their full story untold, three more martyrs in the sacred cause of human knowledge, three men more on the rôle of the immortals.

CHASING A SLAVE SHIP

THE THINGS THAT STILL HAPPEN IN THE WORLD

Hundreds of Wretched People Huddled Up in Chains

WHAT A BRITISH OFFICER SAW

Thousands of Negroes are still sold into slavery by the slave-runners of the Red Sea. This despite the anti-slavery patrol of the British Navy.

A glance at a map will show how difficult it is to patrol these waters. Between Suakin and Jeddah the Red Sea is nearly 200 miles wide and over 1200 miles long.

What the Navy does is to provide two small sloops of about 1000 tons, suitable vessels for the job, with a speed of 16 knots and mounting 4-inch guns; but they cannot be everywhere, and the slavers often evade them.

The Nautical Magazine publishes a valuable account by an eye-witness, an officer of the Mercantile Marine, part of which we give below.

Packed With Negroes

We are asked to imagine a big dhow racing across from Africa, going like a destroyer with a "force five" wind on her beam; and the story goes on:

"As we closed her we could hear heartrending cries coming down wind, and could see that she was packed from end to end of her open waist with stalwart Negroes seated on thwarts or benches, evidently fastened by their ankles. About 12 or 14 were stowed abreast, and there were about twenty rows of them, so that meant that some 200 to 300 poor wretches were being transported in one vessel. So close were we that we could see the perspiration gleaming on their black skins, accentuating their fine physique; the whites of their eyes showed with startling clearness as they shouted.

"In August of this year of grace, 1933, a slave ship engaged in actual business! What a challenge to our much-vaunted civilisation and humanity! Off she went like a startled deer for her market on the Arabian coast, where her live cargo would be auctioned and dispersed over the face of the desert."

Would it not be worth while to strengthen the patrol? We have the men and we have the ships, and here is police work needing our vigilant care.

COMMON SENSE WINS

The fact that our coalmines need so much timber for pit props has led to a happy exchange of Welsh coal for Canadian wood. So the pit helps the pit.

The ships go out with coal or anthracite and return with wood for the pits, thus economising transport, as the vessels earn freights on both voyages. This system is being worked with both Nova Scotia and Newfoundland.

LISTENING IN BIAS AT THE B.B.C.

A Fine Idea That Somehow
Went Astray

UNJUST BROADCAST OF A COURT OF JUSTICE

By a Listener

Perhaps the best idea the B.B.C. has had for years was the idea of reconstructing the Trial of Charles Stuart. We should love to see the idea repeated down the centuries of History, with Magna Carta, an Audience of Elizabeth, Burke in Parliament, and so on. But we hope the B.B.C. will be fair to history, and we print these notes from a Listener who thinks they were not fair the other day.

It was evidently intended as a performance out of the ordinary, and I must confess that it made one listener at any rate forget the anxieties of the twentieth century and live with his ancestors in one of the most momentous months of our history.

The first few sentences showed that the author's claim for impartiality failed. A dramatist must begin on a note which inevitably colours the whole drama; and the arrival of the Army of Fairfax in London, and Pride's Purge, were, after all, but incidents resulting from far more fate-compelling happenings. The King's duplicity at Carisbrooke and Newport should, one thought, have been the prelude.

Partial Commentators

But no; the author at once stressed the illegality of the Army's actions in overthrowing Parliament and setting up their court. The events were set out in swift-moving dialogue, but there was no impartial tone of voice in either of the commentators; both were apparently unaware of all the blood that had been shed for ten years in resistance to Absolutism and Tyranny. They were, of course, justified in showing the tradition of loyalty (even of reverence) for the Crown; but one did not feel that the intense earnestness of the Army leaders was sufficiently made plain. Had the Royalists won the Second Civil War not one of these determined men would have been free, yet all their actions, and all their declarations, in those tragic days ring true to modern judges as sincere attempts to secure freedom for all Englishmen.

An Awful Scream

On the whole the setting of the trial and the sequence of events in the course of it followed closely the agreed records of history; but we have racked our memories in vain for the cruel branding of a protesting woman by the orders of Colonel Hewson in open court. The awful scream sent a shudder through hundreds of thousands of homes, and it was, one felt, brought in to blacken the character of the prosecution. We wondered if the B.B.C. had one single shred of evidence to justify this.

The author has made a villain of Hugh Peters, chaplain of Fairfax, and, evidently looking no farther into facts than the records of Restoration times, had him announced in the running dialogue as a *debauched person*. We heard passages from his sermons delivered in the form of a tirade as if by a maniac. Quite candidly it was nauseating to one listener. Is the B.B.C. quite sure that it has done justice to this remarkable minister? Did anyone advocate toleration more strongly than he in those years of religious bigotry?

Cromwell As Browbeater

Cromwell was given a small part and his essential greatness was omitted from this scene. One felt that he was little more than a rough-voiced browbeater of a judge who felt he could not go on.

Bradshaw was, on the whole, magnificent. History has taken the side of this lawyer who had thrust on his reluctant shoulders the most terrible duty in our Island Story.

It was Charles, however, who provided the acid test in the claim for im-

FIRE TOO HIGH TO REACH

A New Peril in the World THE MAST WHICH SENT OUT A HISTORIC SIGNAL

Something has just happened which had not happened before anywhere in the world, as far as our knowledge goes.

It was no use bringing a bucket of water, or even turning on the hose, to put out a fire burning well up a 440-foot wireless mast, and the Grimsby Fire Brigade could only look on while the top of the Admiralty mast at Waltham was burning.

A strong wind caused the station to broadcast sparks far around, and there was general relief when the upper half fell, 24 hours after the fire broke out.

Some of the stays had been loosened to guide its fall, and no damage was done. Eventually the whole of the mast collapsed, for the fire spread downward; yet even then it took several hours to quench the flames.

It was from Waltham Station that the message that we were at war was sent out to the fleet in August 1914.

Fire in the air presents a new problem to our fire brigades, one that must be tackled, for flames burning at such a height on a mast are obviously a far greater danger than those on which the hose can be brought to play.

It is one of the new perils progress is bringing into the world.

A BLIND EYE HELPS ANOTHER TO SEE

Something Like a Miracle

At Moorfields famous Eye Hospital some wonderful surgical operations are performed to save the most precious of the senses. In a recent case new tissue was successfully grafted to replace a diseased cornea.

The cornea is the window of the eye, the transparent membrane through which one sees the coloured curtain (the iris) which admits light to the eye through the hole in it we call the "pupil."

The tissue for the repaired cornea was obtained from the eye of another patient whose sight was absolutely lost, though the cornea was healthy. Thus a blind man helped one threatened with blindness to retain his sight.

OLD FOLKS GO OUT TO TEA

The Old Age Pensioners who called at St Mary Cray Post Office last month all received something extra with their pensions. It was an invitation card asking them to tea.

For the fourth year running this party for the old folks has been given by Mr Hackett Jones and his friends. About 250 accepted this year, and bouquets were presented to the three oldest ladies. The oldest lady was 88 and the oldest gentleman 86.

Kent seems the county for such parties, for only the other day we told of a similar one at Dover.

Continued from the previous column

partiality. All his utterances were given to the letter, but what of the manner of them, and the intonation? Here, alas, the sympathy of after-knowledge of events, and a wish to give the earnest pleadings full value (and we have seldom heard richer phrasing or finer cadences of the voice by wireless) entirely falsified the somewhat stammering speech which all present concur to have come from the royal lips.

Listeners must not forget that this was not the first time that some of the judges had heard him argue; and, to speak quite plainly, lies were what they had been taught to expect from his lips. That was Charles, however we may love him in Van Dyck.

AND MUST THIS HIPPO DIE?

A GREAT MAN'S PUZZLE

Dr Albert Schweitzer's Awkward
Situation at His Hospital

THE BOYS AND THE WATER TAP

*And must this hippo die?
And must this hippo die?
If so Dr Albert Schweitzer
Will know the reason why.*

Dr Albert Schweitzer, that great lover of animals, writes home from his hospital at Lambaréné, French Equatorial Africa, his fear that he may be obliged to kill a hippopotamus!

"I must, alas! report," he says in his latest letter, "that the hippopotamus often in front of the hospital is a malicious animal. It attacks passing canoes in blind fury, capsizes them, and pursues people through the water. It has killed a man and dangerously wounded a woman inmate of the hospital."

On a Moonlight Night

Dr Goldschmid, Dr Holm, and Dr Schweitzer on a moonlight night were able to observe the rage with which this hippo charged a canoe whose paddlers were ignorant of its presence. Attacked, they had difficulty in saving themselves by a sudden turn. As it had thus become a danger for people approaching the hospital or on their way home from it after sunset, they have resolved that it must die; but secretly they wish the sentence need not be carried out, but that the beast may prefer to rage out its savagery and malice in some solitary district instead of in front of a hospital. At any rate, if Hippo must die, Dr Albert Schweitzer will know that there is a very good reason why.

When Dr Schweitzer visits England, which he hopes to do later on this year, his friends will want to know whether, after all, the hippo had to pay the penalty for its savagery, or whether it decided to move its quarters in time.

The doctor and his staff at Lambaréné have had a wonderful present given them. It was sent to them from Alsace, which is Dr Schweitzer's home country, and it is nothing less than a cooling apparatus, driven by a small motor.

Relief From Torturing Thirst

That may not sound exciting to people who have always lived in England, but this is what the doctor says:

"Only those who have lived in the low equatorial forest region can know how refreshing for us doctors and nurses are the glasses of cold water now brought down to the hospital at 10 a.m. and 4 p.m.; how much better the work goes when one is freed for a time from torturing thirst as one never was with the drinking-water which before usually had a temperature of from 26 to 30 degrees."

Talking of water, not long ago Dr Schweitzer sank a well and built a big rainwater reservoir for the hospital. The tap at the reservoir is a great puzzle to newly-arrived native patients. "They soon learn how to turn it on (the doctor writes), but again and again it happens that one or other of them does not know how to stop the flow he has summoned as by magic, and, instead of turning the tap off, runs from it in despair!"

HURRY

Have you received your stereoscope? Many thousands of delighted C.N. readers have done so; and the stocks are fast diminishing. This splendid offer to regular readers of a stereoscope and pictures holds good only while supplies last, for no more can be offered at such a bargain price.

The Order Form is given again this week, on page 12, and if you wish to make sure of your stereoscope and pictures you will be well advised to fill in the form and send it now.

HIS SON INSPIRED TOC H

A FINE OLD BISHOP'S WORK IS DONE

Dr Talbot and His Ninety
Years of Wonderful Life

LIKED BY EVERYBODY

The Church of England has lost another of its Grand Old Men in Bishop Edward Talbot, who has passed away in his 90th year.

He was, more than most men, a link between the historic past and the future, for the family of the Talbots traces back to the Middle Ages. The bishop himself was a great friend of Gladstone and other public figures of the 19th century, and his son Gilbert, who was killed in 1915, has become a symbol of the future of youth in the twentieth century.

Lamp of Remembrance

It was in the memory of Gilbert Talbot that Toc H was founded at Poperinghe during the war; in his name was sown the seed of a movement which has spread throughout the world. The statue of this brave young man is in the church of All Hallows, near the Tower, lighted day and night by a lamp of remembrance kindled by the Prince of Wales and itself kindling a deathless chain of lights; his story has been told in Arthur Mee's Thousand Heroes.

Bishop Talbot was one of the great leaders of the Church. When he was only 26 he was elected first Warden of Keble College, which had been founded to enable poor men to receive a University education. High thinking and simple living was their motto, and Dr Talbot justified himself and his college in those early days.

A Strenuous Task

In 1895 Dr Talbot was appointed Bishop of Rochester, which at that time included Southwark. Southwark was a terrible responsibility, and the new bishop divided his diocese, establishing the diocese of St Saviour's, Southwark; and, instead of choosing the ease of Rochester, he undertook the strenuous task of the new diocese, in which the poverty of London spread far and wide.

He was an enthusiast for those great social reforms passed in the early years of this century, supporting the Old Age Pensions Bill, which meant much to the members of his flock; and there were many regrets in London when he was transferred to Winchester in 1911.

He was a giant of a man, with the vigour and friendliness which many a tall man possesses, and he proved that a High Churchman can work sympathetically inside his Church with Low Churchmen and Broad Churchmen and outside his own Church with all other Christian people.

THINGS SAID

We must export or expire.

Sir Herbert Samuel

No Government can long stand supported by force alone.

Herr Hitler

My king is the living image of King Arthur.

The Belgian Ambassador

If the needs of Bethnal Green alone were met the mills of Lancashire would be humming.

Mr Jack Mills

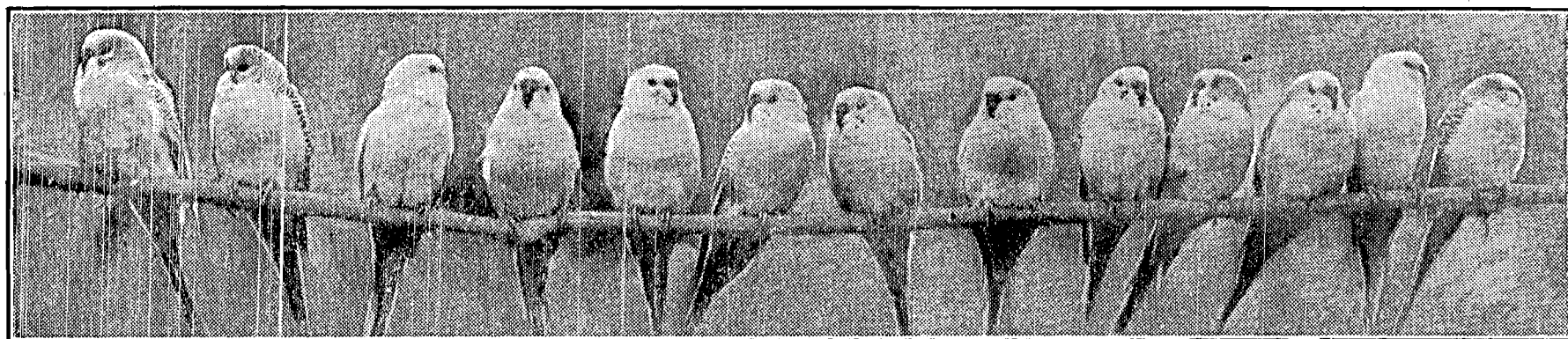
The first years of my ministry were spent in a public-house which had been condemned as insanitary.

Archbishop of Canterbury

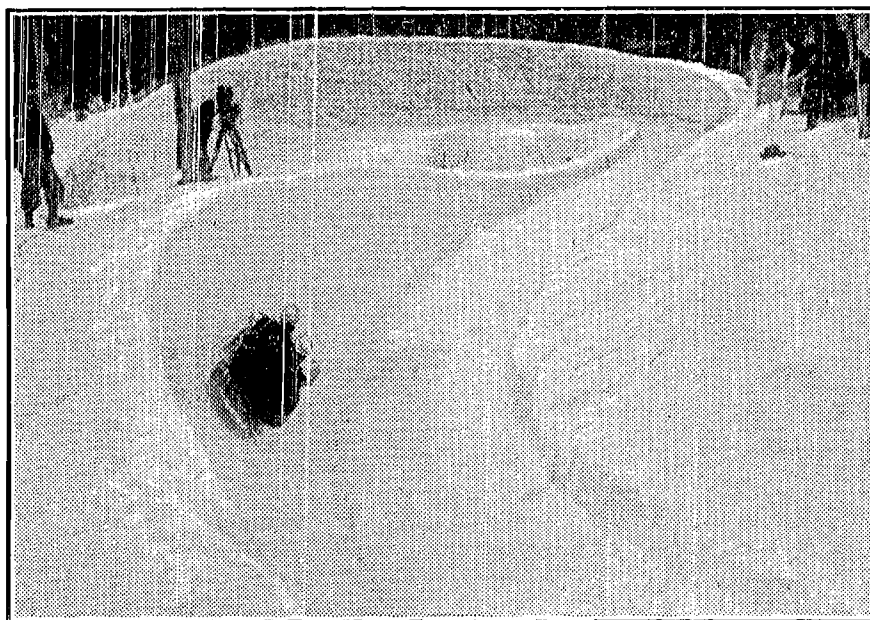
Thanks to the skill of the teachers, Manchester's Schools for the Deaf and Dumb have been able to abbreviate their title to *For the Deaf*.

Manchester Guardian

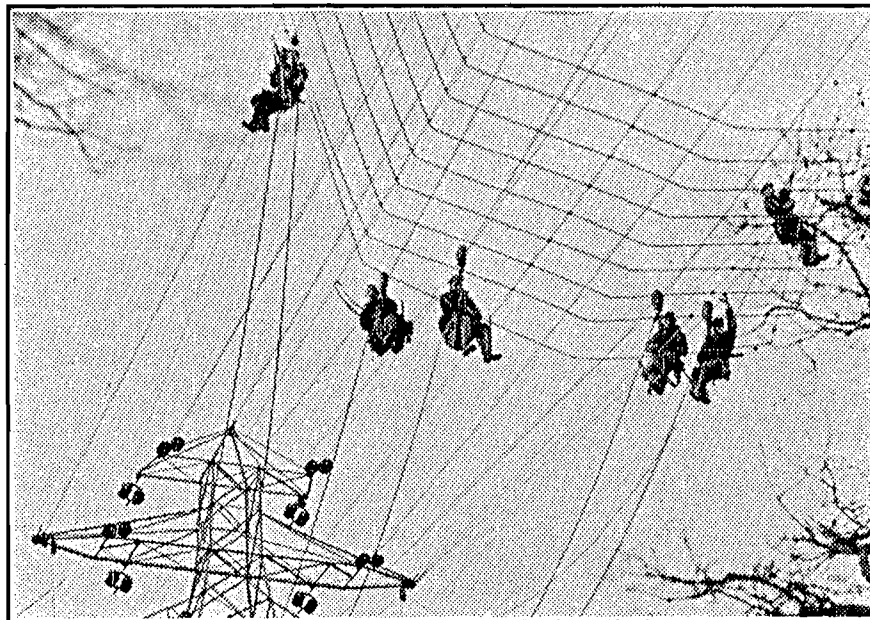
SLEIGH RUN • PROTECTING THE COAST • MAKING CRICKET BATS



All in a Row—A parade of the budgerigars in an aviary at Keston in Kent. These pretty little birds are natives of Australia.



A Double Bend—A thrilling section of the track at Garmisch-Partenkirchen in Austria which was used for the world's bob-sleigh championship.



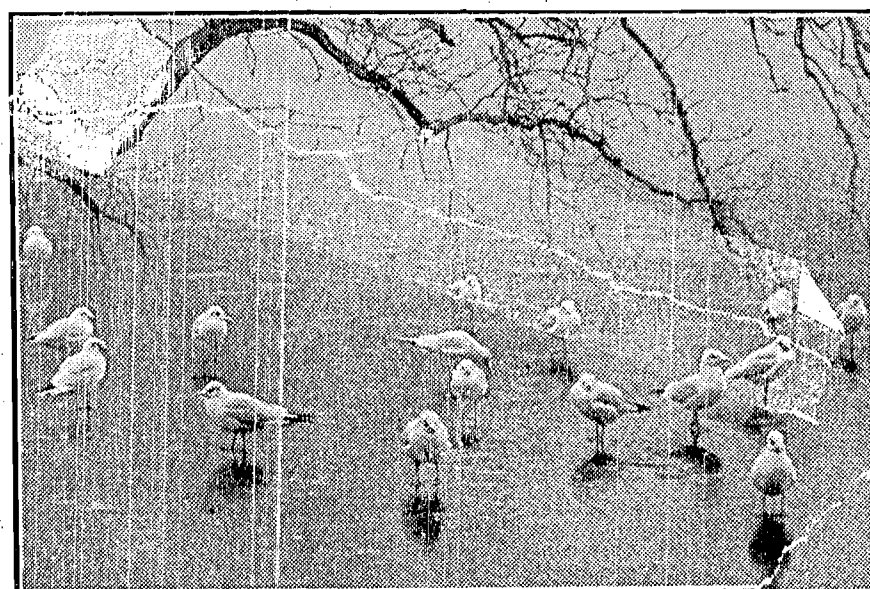
Screening the Wires—Workmen putting up a screen to prevent interference with telegraph wires at a place near Dorchester where high-tension cables cross a road.



The First Stride—This picture very successfully catches the action of Oxford University runners practising the start of a race.



Defending the Coast—Burying faggots in a trench, after damage done by the recent gales, to prevent erosion by the sea at Kessingland in Suffolk.



Frozen Out—Gulls which have made their temporary home in St James's Park look very disconsolate when they find the lake frozen.



For Summer Days—A busy worker in East Finchley making cricket bats for the coming season. Thousands are being prepared for the opening day.

HAIL ROOSEVELT REMARKABLE USE OF PRESIDENTIAL POWERS Nationalising All the Gold in the United States ASTONISHING TRANSACTION

Following on his declaration of money policy on January 15, when he took power to reduce the gold content of the dollar from 100 cents to between 50 and 60, President Roosevelt on January 31 (it is a date of historic importance) signed a proclamation fixing the New Dollar at roundly 59 cents.

The Old Dollar was 25 and 8-10 grains of gold.

The New Dollar is 15 and 5-21 grains of gold.

At the same time, the President announced that America would buy any and all gold offered it at the price of 35 dollars per troy ounce. The object of this is to endeavour to establish a world price of gold at that figure.

Taking Over Bank Reserves

President Roosevelt has now nationalised American gold, taking over all the reserves held by the banks and all private hoards of the metal. By this means the American Government secures the whole of the paper profit arising from the reduction of the gold content of the dollar.

The Secretary of the Treasury estimates that the gold stocks held by the American Government were valued at 4,029,000,000 dollars at the old valuation, but represent 6,800,000,000 of the new dollars.

That is a paper profit for the American Government of 2,771,000,000 dollars.

Let us understand the President's aim. He desires to establish a dollar which shall buy the same quantity of goods at different times. Thus he would give the dollar a fixed purchasing power, making it an instrument of fair exchange between producer and consumer, between debtor and creditor, between goods produced today and in the future.

America and Foreign Trade

It is hoped to raise prices to the level of 1926 and to maintain them at that level, thus helping producers and doing justice to debtors, who will become able to meet obligations contracted when prices were higher.

A farmer struggling to pay interest due on a mortgage will get a higher price for his produce and be restored, or partly restored, to the position when his mortgage was arranged.

So with other dollar debts.

The new dollar may give America an advantage in foreign trade by enabling her to quote lower prices abroad. The consequences therefore will be carefully watched by other Governments.

If, however, as we may hope, the new dollar gives stability to America, and raises American prices, the general result must be good for the world as a whole. Producers everywhere need the raising of the price level, which fell so disastrously in 1929.

The President's Prestige

So great is President Roosevelt's prestige that his will has become law despite the frantic opposition offered by financial interests.

In our own country we saw for some time too many reflections of the same opposition to the President's policy. He has now taken effective control of the banking system, which had failed so badly that on the day of his inauguration as President every American bank stopped payment.

Things will never be the same again in what was, before Roosevelt, the most individualistic country in the world.

*In Germany they Hail Hitler!
We respectfully Hail Roosevelt!*

DRAMATIC MOMENT ON AN ENGINE Heroes of the Footplate THE MAN WHO SHUT OFF THE STEAM

Never was so ridiculous an idea as the idea that mankind needs war to keep it fit. Once more we see it in the news of every day.

There is a discipline in everyday life which brings out the best that is in a man when a sudden crisis arises, and one of these terrible moments of crisis came unexpectedly to two railwaymen on an express tearing its way to London in the twilight of a January morning.

A smoke-tube burst in the boiler of the engine, and devastating jets of steam assailed the driver and the fireman. So sudden was the blow that the driver was knocked off the footplate to his death. The fireman, his face, neck, arms, and hands scalded by the hissing steam, did not see what had happened; he could only guess when there was no answer to his shout to "Put on the brake."

Appalling Danger

All he was sure of was that there was appalling danger to the hundred souls in the carriages behind him. Something must be done to stop the train, and, despite his agony, his disciplined brain told him that to put on the brake without shutting off the steam would be a terrible risk. So he felt for a piece of coal and threw it in the direction of the steam regulator, but he missed. Undaunted, he pulled his cap down over his face, dived at the regulator, and shut off the steam with his tortured hands.

At the other end of the train there was another wide-awake railwayman, the guard. Knowing nothing of the tragedy on the footplate, he realised that the train was going too fast for that part of the route, so he applied his emergency brake and brought the train to a standstill. He then hurried to the engine, discovered what had happened, and helped the heroic fireman to alight.

It is something of a coincidence that driver, guard, and fireman all lived at Watford, where the tragedy occurred, and we are sure Watford is very proud of its heroes.

THE ICE THAT BROKE TOO SOON And Broke the Dream of Two Explorers

It is a tragic fortune that sometimes attends explorers in the Polar regions; when all the tale is told the high-lights of success are rare, and for that reason are proudly acclaimed.

Yet high honour is due to the men who fail, for their failure is often splendid.

There is little purpose in going over old tracks for the sake of going over them in regions like the Antarctic, so that every new expedition aims at something untried, seeking to break new ground in the Vast Unknown.

Such an expedition was that undertaken by Sir Hubert Wilkins and Mr Lincoln Ellsworth, who set out a few weeks ago to study the shape and extent of the Antarctic continent. It was hoped to cross 3000 miles from the Ross Sea to the Weddell Sea by air.

All went well at first. The aeroplane was fixed in readiness for its flight from an ice-floe. But spring came too soon last year, and the solid plain of ice from which the aeroplane was to rise broke into a thousand fragments so that the aeroplane was hopelessly damaged and the expedition had to return frustrated to New Zealand.

Our sympathy goes out to these brave adventurers. The weather has beaten them this time, but next year they may try again, with more than one aeroplane at their command, we hope.

OUR BRITISH POUND Mr McKenna on Gold MONEY MUST SERVE TRADE

Mr Reginald McKenna, Chairman of the Midland Bank, has been expressing clear-cut views on the money problem.

He began by warmly approving the management of a paper currency to maintain stable prices.

At the conclusion of the World Conference a statement of the greatest importance was issued, the declaration of monetary policy signed by representatives of almost every part of the Empire.

This statement formally adopted the principle of a managed currency to maintain a price level.

This may well prove to be the most important profession of faith the world has yet had on the subject of money policy.

The price level of commodities in daily use is recognised as the measure of stability in the value of money.

The International Situation

Mr McKenna sees no need, for the present, to return to the gold standard. He said:

For the time being there is no need to concern ourselves with any metallic basis for our currency; the international situation seems unripe for the restoration of a universal money basis.

Our own standard, based on the general commodity price level, is the one best suited to the needs of the great masses of population throughout the world, for not only is the pound sterling readily acceptable everywhere as a means of payment, but it is now managed with a view to ensuring that debtors should be called upon to pay no more in value than they have borrowed.

When we look back, we cannot help being amused at the panic fears that were expressed as to the results of our going off the gold standard. One professor of economics actually broadcast, for the B.B.C., a prediction of ruin; "a shattering blow to credit throughout the world."

Mr McKenna thinks the Bank of England should be subject to higher authority in money matters. We agree, for as things are it has power to make or break us by its uncontrolled policy.

THE GAP AND A BOOK TO FILL IT 20,000 Lives

A vaguely recognised name in our reading may tantalise us at intervals throughout the day. Who was he? What was it he did? Where did he live? When was it he died?

A book which answers just such questions about 20,000 famous people of all times and all lands is the Concise Universal Biography edited by Sir John Hammerton; and Part One is on the bookshelves today.

It is a splendid production, containing besides its 20,000 biographies over 5000 illustrations, not only portraits, but scenes and other things connected with the life-stories of these men and women, the scientists, the artists, the writers, the explorers, the law-givers, the pioneers, all those who in some way added by thought, word, or deed to the world they lived in. Any of their stories can be found in a second or two, for the work is in alphabetical form.

Look out for the First Part today; it is only sixpence, and there are over 300 biographies and more than 100 illustrations in this part alone.

Last Month's Weather

LONDON	RAINFALL
Sunshine . . . 45 hours	Falmouth . . . 4 56 ins
Rainfall . . . 1 22 ins	Birmingham . . . 3 21 ins
Dry days . . . 13	Southampton . . . 2 44 ins
Wet days . . . 18	Aberdeen . . . 1 73 ins
Warmest day . . . 17th	Gorleston . . . 1 57 ins
Coldest day . . . 24th	Liverpool . . . 1 41 ins

DISARMAMENT NEW BRITISH PROPOSALS More Weapons For Germany and Reductions Elsewhere STEPS TO EQUALITY

All nations are now considering the Memorandum of the British Government on disarmament.

As the propounder of the Draft Convention this country has a responsibility exceeding that of any other, and the permanent failure of the Disarmament Conference would not redound to our national credit.

We have succeeded as a nation because of our natural instinct toward compromise, and have come to be regarded as a disinterested people who can use this gift to solve world problems. The special problem today is how to find a golden mean between the demands for equality of status between suspicious nations and the demands for security from peoples anxious for their future.

Germany and Geneva

Our Government has modified its Draft Convention in an endeavour to simplify these problems, but in doing so it rightly states that for their discussion Germany must return to Geneva and the League of Nations.

Germany is offered much in this new plan, much more than lovers of peace care for. She is to be permitted to make an unlimited number of anti-aircraft guns as well as guns for the fortification of her frontier. Field guns and tanks up to six tons are to be allowed a short service army whose numbers may be increased and whose training may last half as long again as originally proposed.

On the other hand the heavily-armed Powers must at any rate not increase their present armaments, though their abandonment of all weapons forbidden in the Peace Treaty is recognised as unattainable at present. There is to be an immediate start in their reduction, instead of a waiting period, which means that within the first year the largest tanks and guns would be destroyed, and the next largest done away with within three and five years.

An Important Concession

In this connection a most important concession on the part of our Government is made, for it agrees that an International Commission should begin its inspection of armaments in all countries immediately the Convention is accepted. Under the old scheme, with its waiting period, this inspection could only have applied to Germany, and was thus a reflection on her equal status.

With regard to aeroplanes the Memorandum proposes there should be an inquiry, limited to two years, in order to examine the possibilities of controlling all civil aviation and abolishing its use in war.

MUSEUM CONCERTS

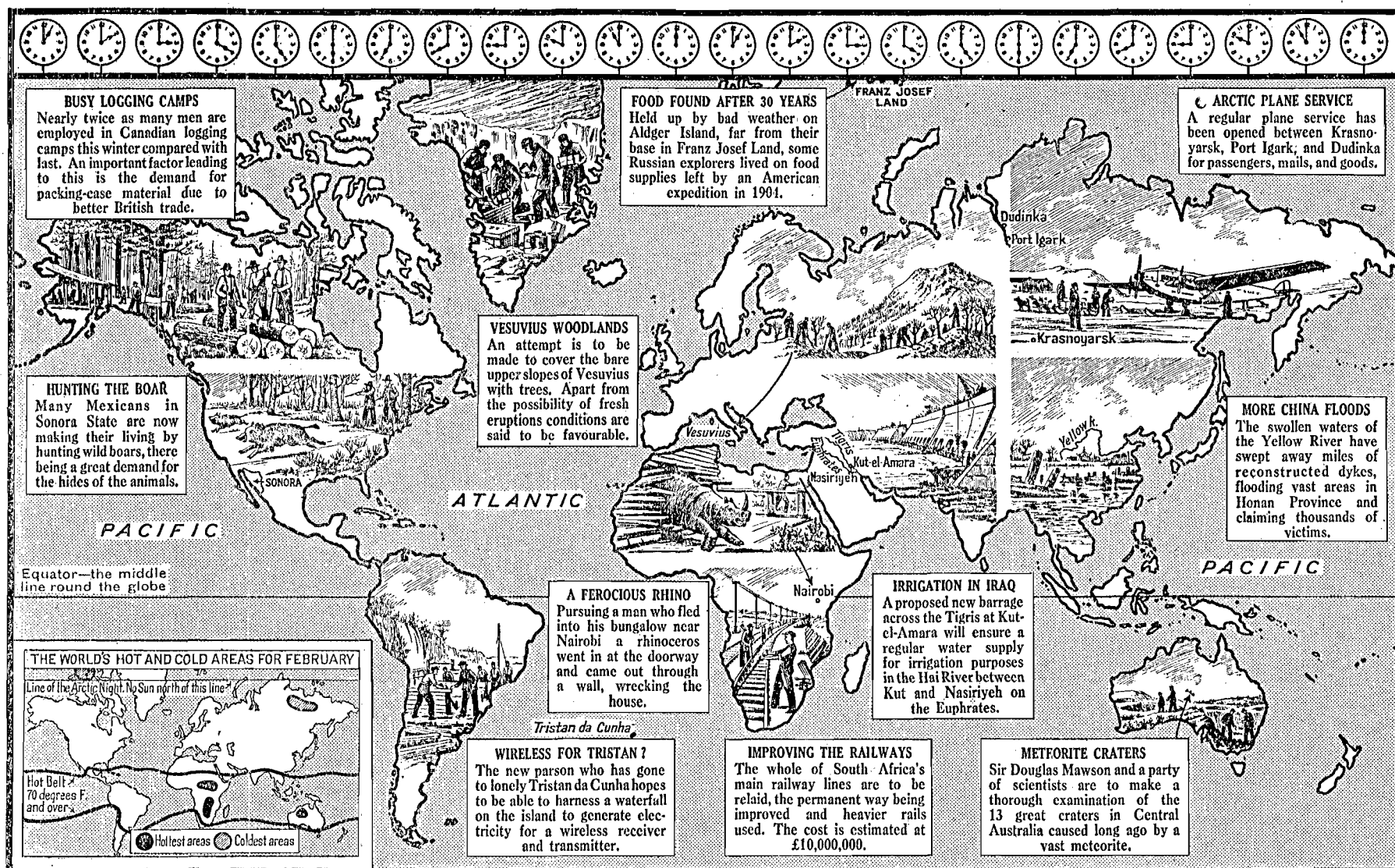
It is a constant surprise to London visitors at the Victoria and Albert Museum to find a free concert in progress; but it happens every year from October to May, the concerts being arranged by the League of Arts for every Saturday afternoon at 3.

New works by British composers are being given on February 17 and 24 and April 21. The English Madrigal Choir fills one afternoon, the British Symphony Orchestra another, while the League of Arts Choir is giving Martin Shaw's *Sursum Corda* for the first time in London on April 7.

The full programme can be had from the League of Arts, 18 Christchurch Road, London, N.W.3.

As the result of recent improvements to Paddington Station the G.W.R. terminus now has nearly three miles of platforms, more than any other station in England except Victoria.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



A CHANGE IN A BIG BAD WOLF

How It Became a Clever Police Dog

Six years ago a wolf cub in the Bosnian woods was growing up to be quite as big and bad as his father or mother.

But he was caught by a police clerk from Vienna who saw him while hunting, and from then his life was changed. He is now Europe's finest police dog.

The man took him home and trained him with the other dogs in the Austrian police service until he was able to take every prize at an international police-dog show, making not a single mistake in tests of skill and accuracy.

Wolves have long been known to have an almost uncanny intelligence as well as extremely sharp senses of hearing and smell. It apparently depends on how these qualities are trained whether they are to be destructive or useful.

The next time someone assures us that this world can never be any better "because you can't change human nature," we are going to remember the Bosnian wolf cub. Human wolves may be quite as susceptible to the right kind of training as the four-legged kind.

A ROCKET FOR THOSE AT SEA

Flares on a Parachute

When the crew of a sinking ship have to take to the boats their chance of being picked up should be much greater if a new type of rocket proves as successful as it appeared to be at Bremen the other day.

This rocket works automatically by simply being thrown on the water, and can consequently be worked by men in the water.

It rises to a great height before it throws out flares attached to a parachute, and the flares are visible for nearly two minutes.

A FRONTIER INCIDENT
The Sort of World We Live In

A frontier incident can be the cause of war, but we have just heard of one which can only be the cause of laughter.

A cow fell sick in Sachrang, a village on the German side in the Austrian Tyrol.

Under Hitler's rule every German who enters Austria must pay a fine of 1000 marks. And the nearest veterinary surgeon lived just across the frontier.

However, the farmer's problem was solved. The vet was summoned to the frontier, and the sick cow was hauled there also. An official stood by to see that neither doctor nor patient crossed it. The vet made his examination, prescribed, and took his fee without setting foot in Germany. And so the farmer saved his cow and his 1000 marks.

OUR MOTOR CRIPPLES
Are There Fifty Thousand?

We hear something, if not enough, of the thousands killed by motor traffic; we hear little of the army of motor cripples whose ranks swell every day.

Someone has estimated that the number of those seriously crippled in motor accidents on British roads, and now living, is not less than 50,000.

This number includes only those who are seriously incapacitated—by loss, that is, of one or more limbs, by severe disfigurement, or by general unfitness for work caused by motor accidents.

The cost to the nation of this incapacity is very great, to say nothing of the burden and sufferings of the thousands of widows and orphans.

BANKRUPT RAILWAYS

We hear that 70 American railroad companies are in great difficulty, and 44,000 miles of line are in bankruptcy.

It is suggested that a great combine should be formed, called the United States Railway Corporation, to take over all American railways for the nation and work them as a unit.

A FALL OF 700 FEET
Dog's 30 Hours Waiting For His Master

Dogs have such infinite faith in their masters that probably the Pomeranian who fell 700 feet over the side of the Spielkogel in the Austrian Alps felt sure his master would be able to do something about it.

He had been with a party of skiers, who reported his loss when they reached a shelter hut at night. They themselves had not been able to rescue the poor dog, but the man who owned the hut had a rope, and the next morning told them to lower him down by it. It proved too short for this 700-foot drop, and not till the evening could a longer rope be found.

Again the hutman let himself be lowered over the mountain edge, and this time reached the dog, who, though it was not his master, licked the rescuer's hands gratefully and whined his thanks all the time they were being hauled up. The dog had had 30 hours in the cold and snow, but was unharmed.

GETTING IT DONE
A Vicar's Way

There are various reasons given why people fail to go to church, but the outstanding one in the new parish of South Whitchurch, Edgware, was the bad road.

It seemed no use to ask the authorities to make up this particular road; but the vicar was not going to fold his hands and say, What a pity!

The other day he was seen marching to the scene followed by a band of parishioners carrying tools, and they all set to work as roadmenders. They mended the road themselves, as John Ruskin and his students used to do.

It seems a very good way of tackling difficulties. We cannot help thinking that at one time the vicar must have been a Boy Scout.

A GREAT IDEA FROM MEXICO

Let the People Vote For War

The National Labour Convention recently held in Mexico has brought forward a plan for a world code for war.

Before declaring war, according to the proposed plan, any Government favouring war must put the question to a vote of all citizens of 18 or over.

Those voting in favour of war are to be automatically enlisted.

Any of this group who are unable to bear arms must give half of all their goods and properties and half their wages to the State during the conflict.

And half the profits from the manufacture and sale of munitions must likewise go to the State.

We commend the Mexican way to all those Fleet Street lords who are going the way of war once more.

HOSPITAL ON WHEELS
News For Outpost Settlements

We are always glad to hear of something good for the scattered settlers of Northern Canada, and the latest news tells of a remarkable hospital on wheels designed to serve the needs of the outpost settlements between North Bay, Ontario, and the boundary of Manitoba.

Operated by the Red Cross this unique hospital has a specially-equipped railcar measuring 79 feet, containing a four-bed ward, an operating theatre, and sleeping quarters for nurses.

The operating theatre is ten feet square, and the table is so constructed as to permit of its being used as another bed in emergency.

FINE RECORD IN RAYON

Rayon goes from strength to strength. Despite foreign competition, last year saw an output of over 84 million pounds of artificial silk, as compared with 72 millions in 1932 and 54 in 1931. Now more machinery is being installed.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

FEBRUARY 17 1934

Charles Stuart

We yield to none in our admiration of the B.B.C., the finest institution in the English-speaking world.

But it is not for the B.B.C. to traduce our history and mislead our people, and we think it right to correct a bias in its broadcast trial of Charles Stuart.

CHARLES STUART was a scholar, an artist, and a model husband and father, but his conduct as a king was a blend of tyranny, duplicity, and intolerable vanity. Ruler of a passionately Protestant country, he sought to ally us to Roman Catholic Spain, with the intention of destroying brave little Holland. He made the name of England to stand in Europe for treachery. His relations with his own people were shameless.

Government was carried on under him in defiance of the Constitution by forced loans, and corrupt judges imprisoned men of principle who refused to pay. Having promised Strafford that not a hair of his head should suffer, Charles abandoned him without a word to execution. When Parliament withstood him he drew the sword against the nation, and by the sword he was conquered.

Cromwell sought to save the King against himself and risked his head for that of Charles, endeavouring to effect a settlement which would have restored his throne while saving religious freedom and the powers of Parliament. Charles played for time, secretly sought alliances with the Protestant Scots, the Roman Catholic Irish, and the Anglicans and the Puritans, and sought to embroil the Parliament with the Army. The success of half his plots would have set Europe ablaze and would have brought an invasion of England.

His trial was without precedent, but so were the times. The trial was an extension to its bitter conclusion of the war he had begun. As that icily impartial historian John Morley has said, the conquerors treated Charles precisely as Charles would have treated them. The author of so many treacheries was not entitled to plead legal technicalities. From the first it had been *My head or thy head*, and Charles lost.

His death, said Professor Goldwin Smith, has been the seed of flunkysm from that day to this, to which John Morley adds that "the execution kindled and nursed a lasting flame of cant more lively than is associated with any other business in our history."

Until the time of Charles kings alone had possessed the right to burn and behead illustrious victims; he had the misfortune to learn that, as a nation may lie at the mercy of an unjust king, an unjust king may lie at the mercy of his outraged people.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Has the Government a Moment?

A FILM expert has pointed out that in most weeks 90 per cent of films are unfit for children.

Is it not one of the most terrible opinions an expert could form? And will our National Government find a moment some day for thinking about the things that concern greatly and gravely the future of us all?

In Those Days and These

WE are not much impressed in these days with the way the war treats its victims; our land is hardly yet fit for its heroes.

But it was ever thus with war. We have been looking at the life of one of the Armada men, one of our great heroes in those days, and we find that it was only by his very great exertions that lodging could be obtained for the sick at Margate in barns and outhouses. It would grieve any man's heart, he says, to see men who had served so valiantly dying so miserably.

Two Ladders

WHILE Chichester is wondering about the clock-winder's ladder which it allows to spoil the finest market-cross in Sussex (held by it in trust for all England), perhaps Sir Reginald Blomfield will have another look at the ladder which is allowed to spoil the lovely turret of the Round Church in the Temple.

Sir Reginald must have seen it many times, for he is architect to the Temple, but perhaps it has not occurred to him that a ladder is an unlovely thing to set up there, and that it might be laid down flat, where it would not spoil the skyline.

It is strange how often the small things of life are found in the wrong places; it was not far from Chichester's clumsy ladder that we found the cleaner's buckets and brushes kept in the very altar of the church.

He Would Not Stoop

THERE are those still among us who must remember with deep remorse the injustice of their attacks on Mr Asquith in the days when he was Prime Minister, and we may hope their eyes will fall upon a passage in Macaulay which has been discovered marked by Mr Asquith in an old volume he picked up in 1917 and read on a journey in the train.

This is the passage, written by Macaulay of the Earl of Chatham:

In his younger days he had been too prompt to retaliate on those who attacked him; but now, conscious of his great services, and of the space which he filled in the eyes of all mankind, he would not stoop to personal squabbles.

Nothing could have been more nobly said, and it is true of Mr Asquith as of Chatham. In days when the standards of public life have been lowered everywhere, it is something to have these words on record.

Good Work

AMONG the first and greatest conditions of good work are these:

A high standard of accuracy.
A chivalrous loyalty to exact truth.
Generosity to fellow-workers.
Indifference to personal results.
Distrust of all that is showy.
Self-discipline and undiscouraged patience through all difficulties.

Bishop Francis Paget

The Rich and the Poor

A STRONG argument for increased children's allowances for the poor is that 4s 10d a week for the first child and 3s 10d a week for each subsequent child are the allowances actually granted to the rich as income-tax relief. Mr T. Estermann

Tip-Cat

A POLITICIAN says he would like a bit of peace. But does he want the peace to be broken?

You can't swallow all the history you are told. But you can eat dates.

MEMBERS of Parliament are used to being called names. Many of them would prefer titles.

A BOY who heard that the Spanish rice pudding is similar to the English one said he wasn't surprised they had had a revolution.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If a dramatist's life is all play and no work

Now she wants to be in the running.

SOME people swim in all weathers. Others only in water.

FASHION varies men's clothes very slightly. There is rarely any change in the pockets.

NEWSPAPER POSTER: Lord Beaverbrook unmasked. What does he look like?

HANS ANDERSEN called his fairy tales trifles. They are appreciated by people with taste.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

MANCHESTER RAMBLING CLUB FOR THE BLIND had 18 rambles last year, and is to have 24 this summer.

A LADS CLUB in South London has received £5000 from a Dorking citizen.

TWO HUNDRED letters in Esperanto have been received from European children by a Japanese Sunday School.

JUST AN IDEA

Like attracts like. Expect good and you will bring it into your experiences

Little Street

FROM my window through the day
There's a little street of grey.
Merchants come with goods to sell,
Dustmen come to clear it well,
People pass on eager feet;
Living, moving is the street.
This too: when the evening tide
Pours through London, deep and wide,
Then, all ready for the night,
Little street grows gold with light.

MY mind, too, is street of grey.
Memories traffic there by day.
Love calls in, but tramps pass through
(Dustman, there is work for you).
Ill-built dwellings, shadowed things,
Shadowed more when evening's wings
Bat like, brush my heart; I cry:
Darkness comes and lone am I!
Then before the night's quite near,
Sudden the Lamplighter's here
Moving on swift certain feet
Till, transformed, my little street
Wears a halo in the night,
Dons a hundred crowns of light.

Marjorie Wilson

Heil, Hitler!

For grumbling about bad times Josef Grundler, farmer of Pleystein, in Germany, has been taken into preventive custody.

GRUMBLING cannot harm a Farmer,
Josef Grundler thought;
So he mumbled, grouched and grumbled;
That's why he was caught.

Growing wizen in a prison,
He is sorry now.
"Times are rosy," goodness knows, he
Is prepared to vow.

I don't think that Hitler's pretty
Wise or witty, but this time
I acclaim him, statesman name him:
Grumbling is a crime! Peter Puck

Three Fairies

Three Fairies went a-marketing,
And purchased many wares:
Not sweets and toys and things like those,
Nor brilliant beads that hang in rows:
These can be bought at Fairs.

They visited Young Laughter's shop,
And asked what he would sell.
He answered, "I have piles and piles
Of Happiness, and Joys, and Smiles;
And I can serve you well."

They filled their baskets to the brim
With treasures from Young Laughter's store:

They took them down
To Sorrow's Town
And then came back for more.

Egbert Sandford

The Good Man

Blessed the man
Who walketh not in the counsel of the wicked,
And standeth not in the way of sinners,
And sitteth not in the seat of scorners;
But his delight is in the law of the Lord;
And in his law doth he meditate day and night.
He shall be like a tree planted by streams of water.

HERR HITLER TELLS THE WORLD CONTENT AT HOME AND PEACE ABROAD

Appeal To France To Be Friendly and Bury the Hatchet

THE ONLY QUESTION BETWEEN THEM

Herr Hitler has been looking round his own country, the new Germany he has made out of the old one, and round Europe, the Continent that he has filled with so much anxiety.

His speech was one of great satisfaction in regard to Germany itself, and was meant to give to Europe a sense of confidence in its peaceful purposes.

The German people, he said, was united behind its leaders—there was only one authority, one majesty, one sovereignty, one Reich. What opposition there was (only 2,500,000 people) was not worth considering.

A New People

As to other countries, they believed the form of government was a matter for each nation, and they were friendly with Russia, had made a Ten-Years Peace with Poland, and were willing to hold out a friendly hand to Austria.

Within their own land they had had nothing for 14 years but forming new Governments, but for 12 months past they had hammered out a new people, destroyed the party system, and abolished the weapons of class war. They had strengthened the Church and at the same time ensured the maintenance of Protestantism.

It was one of the worst results of the Peace Treaty that it gave the idea that the stronger side should always use force and the weaker should not express its views; but Germany had no wish toward other peoples other than to live in peace with them, and they were convinced that it must again be possible in this world to talk over differences in the lives of nations without always thinking of force.

Germany and France

Then Herr Hitler made what must become a famous reference to France. The struggle for German equality of rights could find no better end than a reconciliation between the two great peoples who had so often shed the blood of their finest sons on the battlefields of the last centuries without changing anything essential in the final circumstances. He hoped this problem would not be seen only through the spectacles of the cold professional politicians and diplomats, but would be solved by the cooperation of those who learned to respect each other as fighters on opposite sides. If Europe was not to come to the end of the abyss they must prevent a recurrence of these old sufferings. He went on:

France fears for her security. No one in Germany wants to threaten it, and we are ready to do everything to prove that. Germany demands her equality of rights. No one in the world has the right to refuse them to a great nation, and no one will have the strength to prevent her indefinitely.

The Problem of the Saar

Herr Hitler went on to refer to the vexed question of the Saar, which he said was the only outstanding question of territory between the two countries. When this was settled the Government was ready to accept the Locarno Pact in letter and in spirit.

He would like the question to be settled in a friendly way without a plebiscite, for these reasons:

The German Government fears that, although the plebiscite will give an unparalleled majority for Germany, a fresh excitement to national passions will take place during the preparations for the plebiscite, which, in view of the certain result, is unnecessary and therefore to be regretted.

THE DRUMS ARE HOME AGAIN

IN that simple and direct way which many great soldiers have President Hindenburg and General von Blomberg, the German Defence Minister, have been saying some nice things about the British Army.

The occasion was a visit of Sir Ian Hamilton to Berlin to receive the drums of his regiment, the Gordon Highlanders.

How had the drums got to Germany? In 1914 the 2nd Battalion landed at Ostend. They were ordered to make forced marches toward Antwerp, and left their drums behind. The Germans marched in, and remained till the end of the war, when they left Ostend, taking the drums with them.

A short time ago a British colonel was travelling in Germany, and he visited the War Museum. There, to his grief, he saw the drums. He wrote to Sir Ian Hamilton, who wrote to the German authorities saying how sorry the Gordons

were to be without their drums. To his delight he got a reply saying that if he would come to Germany President Hindenburg would give him the drums.

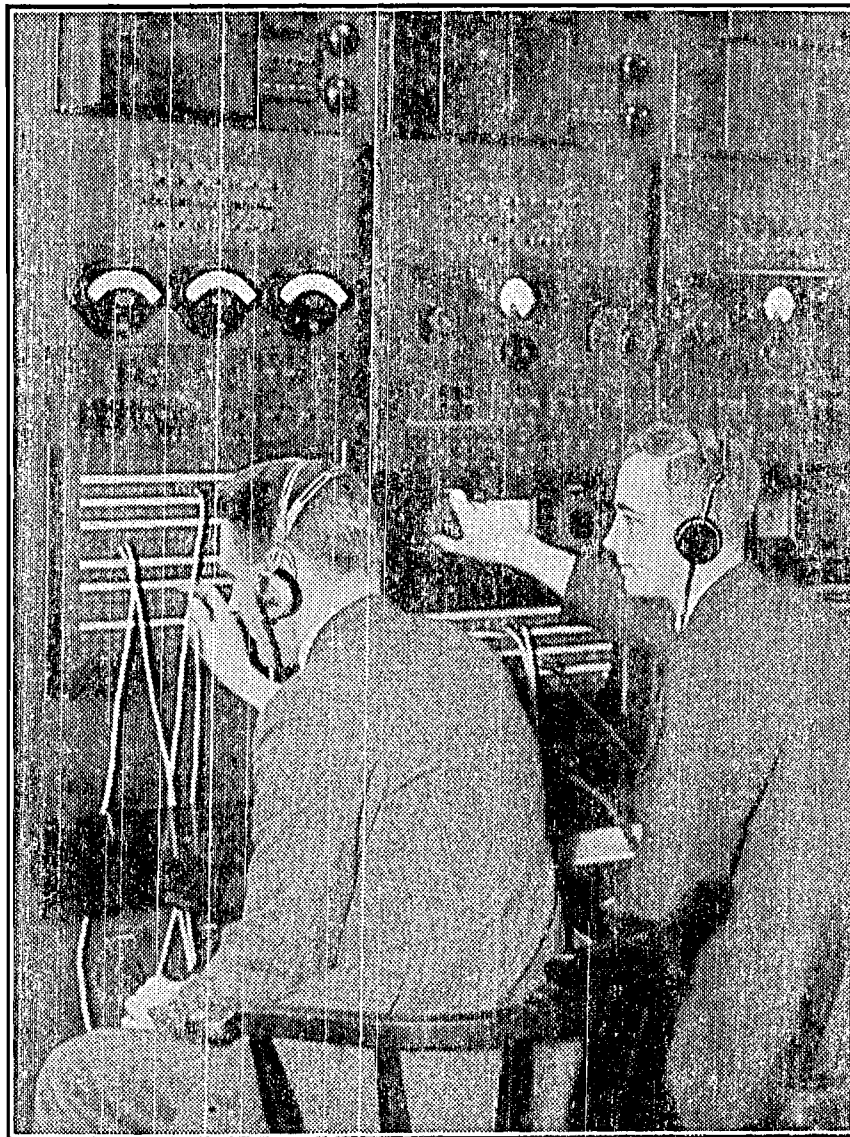
After the Defence Minister had formally handed over the drums and Sir Ian had placed a wreath on the War Memorial Tomb of the Unknown Soldier Sir Ian went to see the President. They talked of their fights in the days before they became famous men, and in saying Goodbye the old German warrior said:

I want you to give a message from a very old soldier to your younger soldiers. Tell them how glad I am to be able to give them back their drums.

It is necessary that the old allies on the field of Waterloo should forget the harsh interlude of the Great War and be friends again.

This is a message which must have given our old friend Sir Ian as much joy to deliver as the drums themselves.

SWITCHBOARD OF THE WORLD



Faraday Building, close to St Paul's Cathedral, is the G.H.Q. of the telephone service. Through it we may speak to nearly all the telephone subscribers in other parts of the world, or to a number of ships at sea. The engineers in this picture are using a switchboard connected with the great Post Office radio station at Rugby.

Continued from the previous column

Whatever the result of the plebiscite it will in either case leave one nation with a sense of defeat. And even if the fires of rejoicing were to burn in Germany we would welcome a solution which would be equally satisfactory to both sides—particularly in the interests of reconciliation between the two nations.

He hoped that the will to conciliation between the two peoples would lead finally to "a burying of the hatchet."

Finally the Leader (as he is known in Germany) declared his attitude to the world in these words:

I can only once again repeat to the world, at this moment that no threat and no force will ever move the German nation to give up those rights which cannot be denied to a sovereign nation.

I can, however, also give the assurance that this sovereign nation has no other wish

than to apply joyfully the strength and weight of her political, moral, and economic resources not only for the healing of wounds which the past has inflicted on the human kind but also toward the cooperation of all cultured and civilised nations.

After a year of the National-Socialist revolution Germany is fitter and more prepared than before to play her part among the nations in the preservation of happiness and prosperity.

THE ONE-ROOM FLAT

Blocks of one-roomed flats have been erected in Kensington, and attention has been directed to the possible danger of overcrowding. In such cases everything depends on the conditions of tenancy, and one of our members of Parliament thinks local authorities should be given greater powers in the matter.

GERMANY ONE

HITLER'S LIGHTNING STEP

Twenty-Five States United in Three Minutes

THE GERMAN MARCH FORWARD

No part of Herr Hitler's speech to Germany and the world on the first birthday of his Chancellorship is of greater historical interest and importance than his reference to the unification of the German States.

The All-Nazi Reichstag passed unanimously, in three minutes, a law abolishing the various State Parliaments. The 25 States become provinces of the Reich, with governors subject to the central Minister of the Interior. Thus Bavaria, Saxony, Hanover, Württemberg, and Baden, for example, cease to exist as such. Even Prussia herself disappears as a nation, and all monarchist societies in the country have been dissolved, so that there can be no question of the return of the Kaisers. No more "family power politics," said Hitler.

Names of the Past

"Their names," said Hitler, "belong to the past."

As recently as 1870 Bavaria was so separate a nation that Napoleon the Third counted on her not joining with Prussia in the Franco-Prussian War he so foolishly fostered. Hitler pointed out that only eleven years ago he needed a passport to enter Bavaria from Prussia.

It is of interest briefly to recall the steps in German unification, for they mean much, and may come to mean more, to the world.

A little more than a century ago Germany was accurately described, in a famous phrase, as a "geographical expression." In the Middle Ages there were some 300 German States, and what remained of them, 39 in number, were confederated by Napoleon in 1806. In 1814, with Napoleon's defeat, a German Bund was formed, with Germany and Austria as the chief members.

Prussia and Austria

In 1834 came the German Zollverein, making Germany a Free Trade unit, though Austria would not join. In 1848 a national parliament met at Frankfurt, and an endeavour was made to set up the King of Prussia as German Emperor. The king declined.

Then followed a great struggle between Prussia and Austria for overlordship of Germany, culminating in war and the complete defeat of Austria at Sadowa. Prussia, in beating Austria, also triumphed over Bavaria, Hanover, Saxony, and most of the other German States who had joined with Austria.

Then followed the divorce of Austria from the other German States and the formation of the North German Confederation, including all German nations north of the River Main and under the leadership of Prussia.

The Birth of the Empire

The Franco-Prussian War of 1870 led to the union of the German States (save Austria) as a German Empire, with the Prussian king as German Emperor. Whereas in the war with Austria Prussia was opposed by the other German States, in 1870 she had their full support. So, in Bismarck's words, Germany was "cemented with blood and iron."

The downfall of the Kaiser in 1918 brought into existence the German Republic, which formed a federation of States; and now Hitler has erased the political boundaries and the States become provinces of the Nazi Reich.

Austria, as truly German as Bavaria or Prussia, remains a separate Republic. Hitler himself was born in Austria, and he does not disguise his opinion that Austria (notwithstanding the Peace Treaty, which forbids it) should become united with the German Reich.

UNITED CHINA

WHAT MAY COME FROM ALL THIS TROUBLE

No Worse Off Than the 36 Disunited States of Europe

A GREAT AND GIFTED RACE

Professor P. M. Roxby has been talking to the Geographical Association of the present and future of China.

He reminds us of what it is easy for Western minds to forget, that China may come to have a unity which Europe has unhappily lost. We are tempted to dwell on Chinese disorder, forgetful of the fact that Europe for centuries knew even greater troubles of the same sort, and is now divided, as the result of the Great War, into no less than 36 disunited States, whereas there were 25 when the war broke out in 1914.

The Oldest Written Language

China today probably contains about 450,000,000 people, about ten times our population. Unity of language does not exist there, but it is much easier to attain it in China than in Europe, and there is a powerful Chinese opinion in its favour. Chinese is the oldest living language, and can be traced back 5000 years. The Chinese were a civilised people when Britons were painted savages. It is true that there are a number of Chinese dialects, but these differ as the Latin tongues differ from each other and do not present the great variations known in Europe. The Chinese campaign for language unity will probably succeed.

Professor Roxby thinks that in the long run China as an entity will emerge as a much more significant thing for the world than ever before. The young Chinese are becoming more and more nationalised, like so many young Europeans; but while the young European does not think of himself as a European, being Briton or Frenchman or German or Italian, and so on, the young Chinese is a patriot.

Political Feuds

That is a fundamental distinction between Europe and China, and it favours the coming of Chinese unity. Existing Chinese political feuds are not likely to disappear very soon, perhaps, but the tendency is certainly likely to be in that direction.

That the Chinese are a great and gifted race no one doubts who is acquainted with their history and achievements. Lord Wolseley was wrong when he declared that they would rule the world, but we do well to remember their past. The ancient civilised Chinese were making lovely silk tissues while Europe could barely make coarse woollen cloth, and were learning to deal gently with the stranger from afar while Europe was still the scene of utter barbarism. So we do well to moderate our opinions of China's present difficulties and to try to understand that difference does not necessarily spell inferiority or inequality.

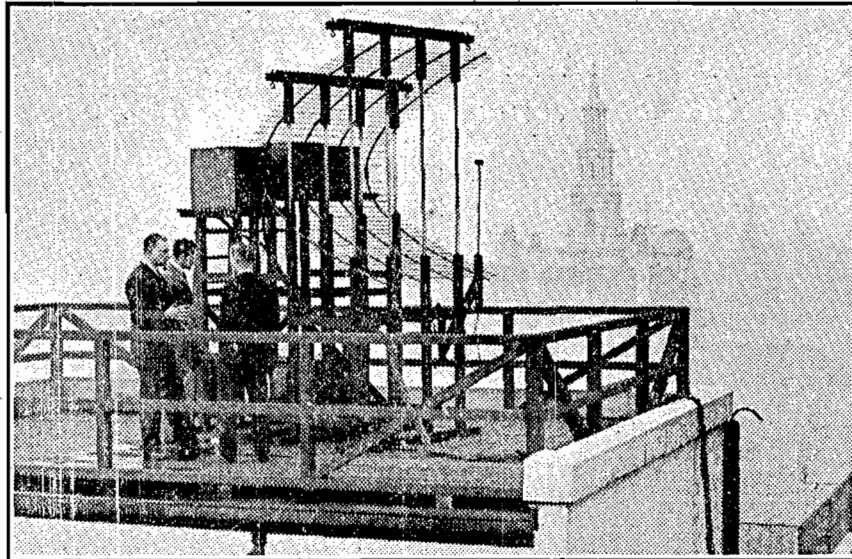
ON A SHARK'S BACK

Commander MacDermott of the Navy, who has died at Laugharne, aged 78, will be remembered as holding both the gold and silver Stanhope Medals. He won them for jumping on to a shark's back.

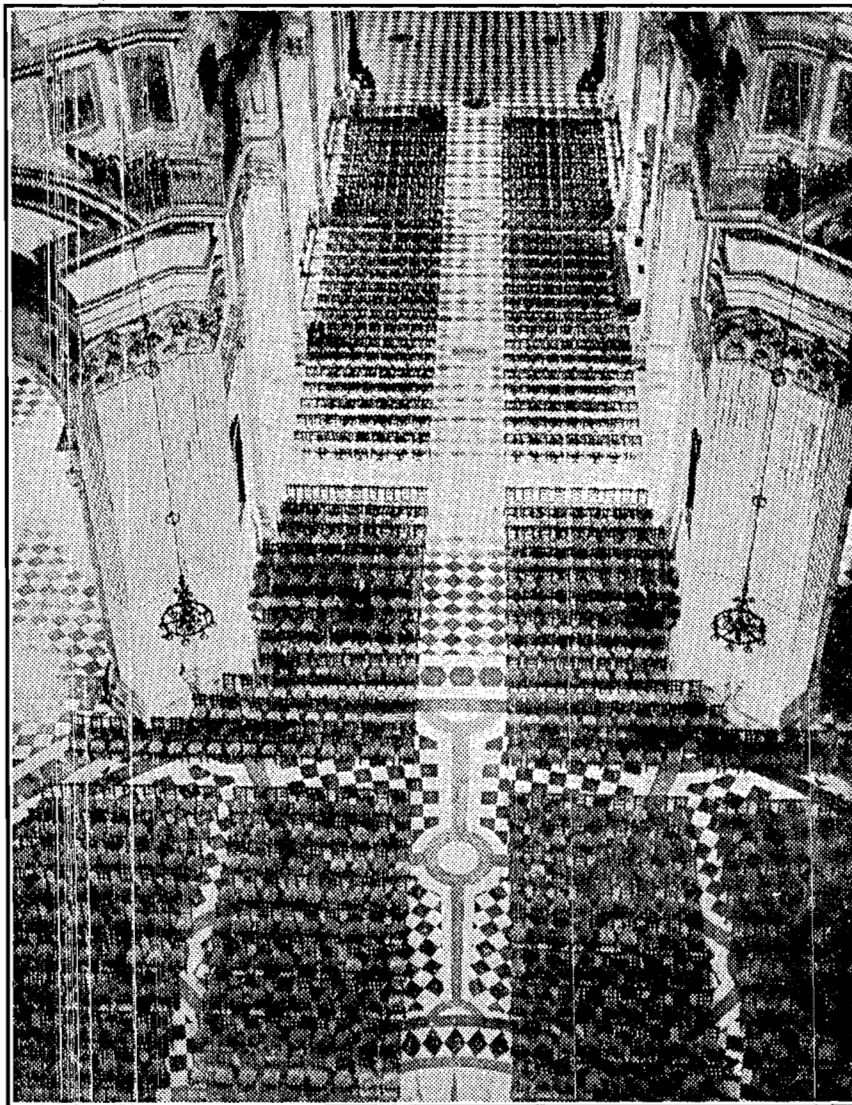
It was at Zanzibar that he saw a man in trouble in the water. A shark was about to attack him, and MacDermott jumped from a boat on to the shark's back. The shock turned the shark from its prey, and the man's life was saved.

Commander MacDermott was awarded the silver Stanhope Medal, and as his deed was regarded as the bravest of that year he was later presented with the gold medal also.

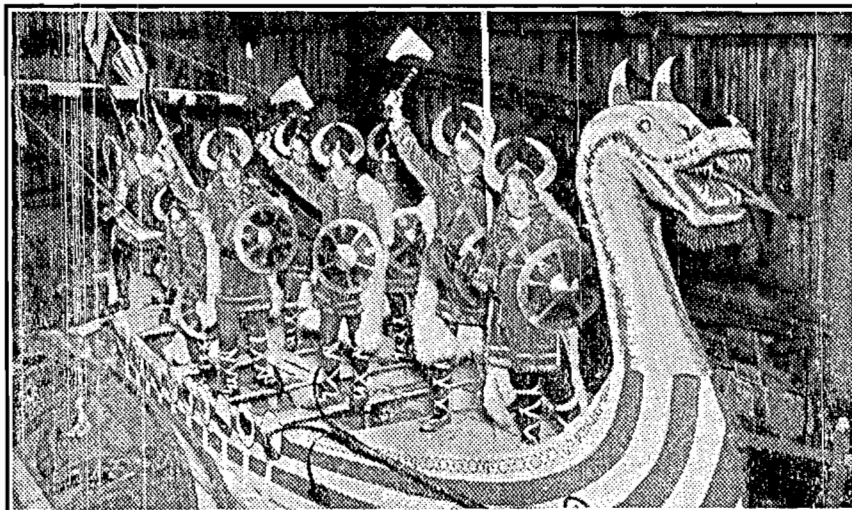
NEWS PICTURES OF THE WEEK



A New Aerial—This unfamiliar piece of apparatus is the aerial for micro-wave radio with which Marconi is experimenting on a London roof.



From the Dome—The curious effect of hundreds of chairs on the patterned floor of St Paul's Cathedral as seen from the dome.



Shetland Vikings—Every year Up-Helly-Aa, a festival of Viking origin, is celebrated at Lerwick in the Shetlands. Here is the Viking galley and its crew which was in the procession.

BARKING IS BUSY

Our Biggest Power House

HOME OF THE CONQUEROR WHILE THE TOWER WAS BUILT

With the two largest transformers in the world and the two largest turbo-generators in this country the engineers at the Barking Power House are almost as proud as the royal abbess would be sitting in her abbey hard by a thousand years ago.

For the new plant now at work raises this generating station of the County of London Electric Supply Company to the first place in England.

Each of the generators is a unit of 75,000 watts, while each transformer contains 43 miles of copper wire and weighs 120 tons, so heavy that it would have broken down any bridge in London and had therefore to be taken to Barking on specially-built ferries across the river.

A Building To Admire

The Power House now contains 390,000 kilowatts of plant, supplies an area of 3000 square miles with 300,000 consumers, and uses over half a million tons of coal a year.

The new extension, with its great glass walls and 250-foot chimneys tapering skyward, is itself a building to admire. Colour calls from the network of pipes on wall and ceiling of the turbine house, each pipe having a distinctive brightness for the work it is doing. There are laboratories for research and an all-electric kitchen serving meals for 350 employees.

The Thames-side jetty has been lengthened to 1000 feet so that two 4000-ton colliers can be unloaded together by six cranes with a combined capacity of 1200 tons an hour.

Busy Barking will henceforward be the title for this historic town, so different now from when the Conqueror came to seek the hospitality of the Saxon abbess while the Tower of London was being built for him a mile or two away upstream.

POINTS DOWN

Alas, Poor Gloucester!

At last we know what is wrong with the world! At last we know how to cure unemployment!

Wise men have for years been racking their brains for a solution, yet it is all so simple. All we need do is to see that every horseshoe hangs the right way up, or the right way down.

That, at least, is apparently the belief of Gloucester's City Council, and the Mayor's Chain, whose links are shaped as horseshoes, is to be altered so that the points hang down.

"Since the horseshoes have been turned upward," Councillor Blackwell is reported to have said, "unemployment has increased in the city. We shall not have any luck till the shoes are turned round."

But what about the shoes worn by our horses? Their horizontal position may, for all we know, be the cause of the slums, the collapse of trade, and our failing water supplies. Would it not be better to take all the shoes off all the horses and hang them with their points down, or perhaps build a wall of them round the Council Chamber at Gloucester (points down!) to make the Mayor and Councillors happy, and to save ourselves from hearing any more nonsense of this sort from our beautiful cathedral city?

A SHIP AS A HOTEL

An actual steamship is to be used as a hotel to provide accommodation for visitors to the Royal Agricultural Show which is to take place at Ipswich in July.

One of the steamships from the Harwich-Antwerp line will be anchored off Parkstone Quay, and visitors will be able to have a private cabin, dinner, and early-morning tea and breakfast for a fixed charge. A special bus service will take them to Ipswich to the show.

SIX DOWN-AND-OUTS

A Tale of Men Who Did Something

THE QUAKERS AND THE CHRISTIANS

The C.N. has told much of the good work done by the Society of Friends in providing allotments for unemployed.

It is more than a case of providing work: it means the recovery of self-respect in men who were beginning to feel they were useless. The allotments do not give full-time occupation to the men, but they do enable them to feel that they can still produce something worth while.

Mr Fred Dodson, Secretary of the Allotment Committee, told a story the other day of six men who were down and out, sleeping on the Embankment. One had Unemployment Pay and was sharing this with his five friends; for six weeks they had lived on 1s 9d each and a cup of cocoa and a slice of bread and margarine they were given each morning at a shelter. They determined to find some way of keeping from starvation, and decided that, if they could get a piece of land to cultivate, that would be the most promising way of beginning.

One Story Out of Thousands

They heard of a piece at Brentwood, walked there and back, 36 miles, and then went to the Society of Friends to ask if they could be helped to start there. In the end that particular piece of ground was not obtainable, but a plot turned up in Sussex. One of them, being an architect, drew up the plans for a bungalow; the Society lent them money, and they have made their home and started work.

That is only one story out of thousands, for 2400 societies all over the country are cooperating with the Society of Friends in starting allotment schemes and interesting the men.

We liked the story Mr Dodson told us of one organiser's experience. He had been explaining to a meeting the working and results of the scheme, and when he had finished the Vicar, who was chairman, rose and said: "Well, dear friends, it seems to me that these Quakers put us Christians to shame!"

CARRYING ITS OWN WEATHER

The Train of Tomorrow

The Englishman carries his weather in his heart, a Spanish writer says. Our trains will soon be carrying theirs.

In the trains of the future there will be no disputes about opening or closing windows, for they will not open. The air in trains will be filtered, washed, continually renewed, and maintained at an even temperature.

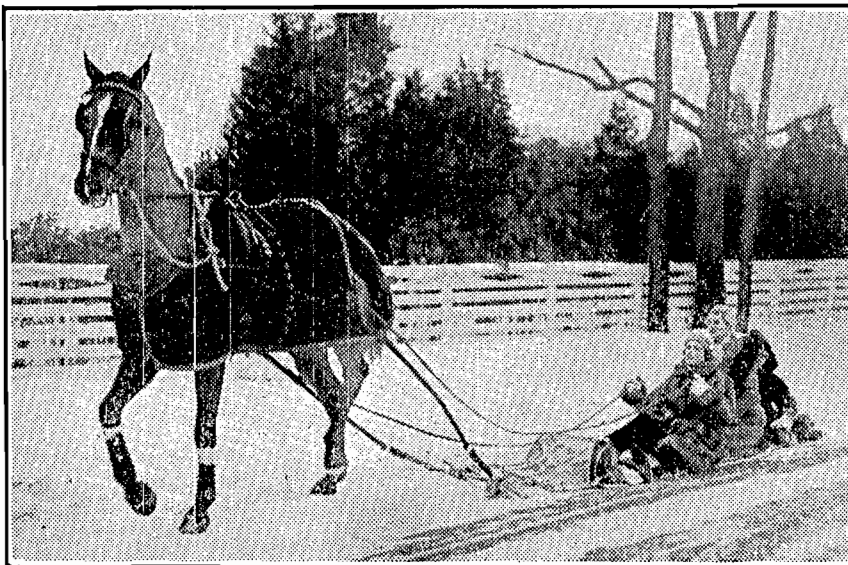
This will mean that the carriages will not only be more or less dustless, but noiseless too, for tight-fitting doors, sealed windows, and the absence of outside ventilators will shut out the roar of the train's movement.

That is the air-conditioned train of the future according to a railway expert; but indeed it is already with us, an interesting example being the Martha Washington, a dining-car which runs on the Baltimore and Ohio Company's express train Columbian between Washington and New York.

In this car the air is sucked in at the roof-line, cleaned in filters made of steel wool, and then forced through cooling coils with a total surface of 600 square feet. The air plant and the wheels of the car are insulated with rubber cushions to prevent any vibration when the train is travelling at speed.

This system is claimed to be highly efficient, and it will not be long before the principal trains of important railways will manufacture their own weather, irrespective of geography, elevation, or the season of the year.

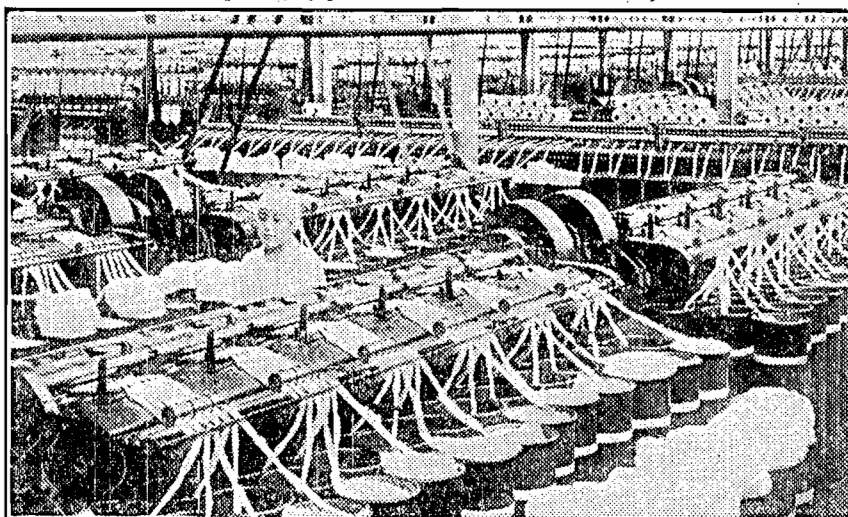
SPORT · THE THEATRE · INDUSTRY



One Horse-Power—This horse-drawn toboggan added to the delights of these happy young people who were enjoying the winter sports at Long Island, New York.



Henry the Fifth—King Harry of England receives a herald from the French, a scene from the Shakespeare play presented at the Alhambra Theatre, London.



A Japanese Cotton Mill—A glimpse of a great mill at Osaka. Japan's invasion of the world's cotton markets is causing grave anxiety in Lancashire.

BRINGING THE MOON TO BOOK

WORLD'S ASTRONOMERS ON THE TRAIL

How They Will Weigh Our Nearest Heavenly Neighbour

A GAME WORTH THE CANDLE

All the world's astronomers are concerting plans to weigh the Moon.

The Earth was weighed, on the last occasion when its weight was taken, in the crypt of an Oxford college.

To weigh the Moon the Astronomer-Royal is organising the calculations and observations of 87 observatories all over the world. Thousands of observations will be corrected, millions of figures will be cast into the scale, and there have already been millions examined or awaiting correction.

But weighing the Moon is no plain, straightforward job. It has to be approached in a roundabout way. The Moon is nearest to us of all the heavenly bodies, something less than a mere quarter of a million miles away. The astronomers begin to measure it by making their calculations of Eros, the tiny vagrant planet which is next nearest, and which three years ago was only 16 million miles away from the Earth.

The Path of Eros

Before anything can be done about the Moon the exact path that Eros ought to take had to be calculated beforehand, and the exact path it did take had to be observed and reported by the 87 observatories. The kind of business that was may be guessed from the fact that the Cape Observatory alone took 1050 photographic plates of it. Greenwich took 350.

From the closest possible examinations of the plates showing Eros against a background of some 900 selected stars its path can be made out after long and patient inquiry. From first to last there will be 13 years work for the astronomers.

Then they will know more precisely than ever before what the exact path of Eros is, and how the path is influenced by the gravitational pull of the Sun and Earth and Moon.

From that knowledge they will then calculate anew, and will know more exactly than ever before the distance of the Sun from the Earth, which is a much more important thing to know than the distance of Eros. At present they may be wrong by as much as 50,000 miles. They hope to bring the possible error down to 10,000 miles.

The Pull of Gravity

All other distances in the Solar System will be revised by the light of this greater accuracy. But the most singular and striking result will be that the new calculations of distances will enable a new measurement to be made of the mass (or weight) of the Moon, because of the share the Moon takes in the disturbances that are due to the pull of gravity.

The Moon joins with the Earth in pulling Eros. The astronomers, by calculations which make the brain reel to contemplate, will disentangle the Moon's pull from that of the Earth, and so arrive at the Moon's weight.

Of all the heavenly bodies the Moon gives the astronomers most trouble. Professor Brown of Harvard has been jogging away for forty years at it, and his calculations are not ended. But all true astronomers will believe that the Moon is worth the candle.

MAGNIFYING UP TO DATE

A microscope which will magnify 8500 times has been made for Berlin University.

Cathode rays take the place of light and an electric field serves as lenses.

VAST OPPORTUNITY OF OUR EMPTY SPACES AND WORK FOR IDLE HANDS

The Broad Acres of the Empire
Waiting For Capital

WANTED, A GREAT PUBLIC SPIRIT

We are delighted to see that the question of the emigration of our people to the vast countries under the flag is receiving attention.

The publicity this subject is now receiving owes much to its championship by the Research Committee of the Empire Industries Association, of which Sir Henry Page Croft is chairman. For nearly a year schemes for emigration have been discussed by this body, and Sir Henry has persuaded over 300 members of the House of Commons to write their names below a motion that the House believes the time has arrived for considering schemes for the redistribution of the population of the Empire.

Breaking New Ground

The plan advocated is no haphazard one, but is one that will break new ground in more than one sense of this phrase. The undeveloped territories of the Empire are the regions which need consideration. The undeveloped territories have so far failed to attract population, and it is only men and women willing to work as pioneers who are required. These wide regions should be settled and developed by emigrants of the right type, who should take their atmosphere with them. The settlements should be family settlements which will form new villages, small towns, and ultimately cities.

Consideration has led to the opinion that chartered companies organised on business lines would enable these new settlements to take root more satisfactorily than if run by Governments. Moral backing from the Governments concerned would, of course, be essential.

The Problem of Cost

The cost has been carefully estimated, and the Committee agree that a capital sum of £50,000,000 would enable no fewer than 250,000 people to be settled over a period of ten years. The approximate sum needed for settling a family in Canada is about £1000, while in Australia it is £1200.

We are glad to hear that some of the provincial and State Governments overseas are favouring the scheme, for indirectly they would benefit. New railways would inevitably be built, linking the new settlements with the old, and there would be new markets for the industrial workers in the towns.

It is said that there is not likely to be any difficulty about the raising of the capital for a well-thought-out scheme. After all, the capitalist will not be running more risk than the artisan or agriculturist who makes a great adventure.

Captain John Smith

Is it not always realised today that America and Canada would never have been peopled by men of British race but for wealthy merchants in London, Plymouth, and Bristol who risked their money in provisioning ships for our first colonists? Captain John Smith was the heroic leader of 105 emigrants who founded Jamestown in 1607. It was not by finding gold that the new venture succeeded, but by the industry of husbandmen, labourers, and mechanics. John Smith urged the financial supporters of the enterprise in London to cease sending across greedy adventurers, and begged for 30 carpenters, blacksmiths, masons, diggers-up of tree-roots, instead of the off-scourings of the London society of the day, and he got them.

Even more interesting was the settlement of the Pilgrim Fathers. The May-

COURTS OF PEACE NEW KIND OF EXHIBITION One Cigarette Shows What the League Costs Each One of Us WORK GOING ON ALL OVER THE WORLD

We have had Art Exhibitions and Trade Exhibitions and Schoolboy Exhibitions, and now Ealing Town Hall has staged what we believe is the first Peace Exhibition.

The Ealing Branch of the League of Nations Union was helped by nine other branches, each taking over one or more of the Exhibition Courts.

It is easy enough to illustrate war with banners and guns and drums and lots of noise and music, but with brains Peace can easily be made the thrilling thing it is, and the League of Nations can be shown as what it is—not just an arrangement to keep the peace, but a great League working for the good of all in a hundred solid ways.

How the League Checks Disease

At the Health Organisation Court was a map with tiny electric bulbs illustrating how the League's Wireless Station at Singapore watches for and reports to other places any outbreak of disease which might spread if unchecked in its early stages.

At the Mandates Court a delightful film was shown of life in the Samoa Islands, with stewards to explain about the Mandate System when the cinema show was over. Labour in Chains and Labour Set Free were illustrated by life-size models in the International Labour Office Court, where visitors could learn of the efforts being made for more freedom, better conditions, and greater safety for the world's workers.

Demonstrating the Horrors of War

There was an Armaments Court, of course, for nothing shows up the terrible burden, horror, and cost of war than an exhibition of its implements. But the little thing that attracted most attention here was a cigarette, just one cigarette with a card attached to it, reminding us that the annual contribution of each person in this country to the League of Nations is just about the cost of one cigarette. (Lord Beaverbrook and Lord Rothermere please note.)

Transit and Communication had their Courts with fine models of passenger aeroplanes, railway engines, a town and its harbour; while in the Economic Court was a map with raised walls round the countries to show how tariff barriers stand in the way of international friendliness.

We hope the Courts of Peace will be set up again elsewhere to teach those who walk through them that here is something more vital and real than anything in the Courts of War.

Continued from the previous column

flower and the Speedwell could not have left our shores had not the Puritan leaders formed a partnership with men of business in London who invested money in the hope that a settlement on the Hudson might develop the profitable fisheries of the New World. The Pilgrim Fathers settled at New Plymouth in 1620, and in 1627 they succeeded in buying over completely the rights of the London merchants in whose name their charter had been granted.

With the successes of these real colonies before us, why should we not carry on today? All we need is that faith and hope and determination which in the past have made the people of these islands the greatest colonisers the world has ever seen. We need a Government with a spirit worthy of those who built up our power and our opportunities, but first we need a people who will put such a Government in office.

POCKET SHIPS Is the Big Liner Worth While?

A QUESTION WHICH SHOULD BE FACED

The case of the battleship Nelson, which to the layman appears to offer a tremendous target even to an unskilful gunner, and the efficiency of the pocket-battleships of Germany, present a problem which experts alone can decide.

The German pocket-battleships were brought into being by the Peace Treaty of Versailles, which compelled Germany to limit the size of her capital ships to 10,000 tons. Using this figure, the German designers have made a wonderful thing of the "small" battleship. We drove them to do a wonderful thing, let us say.

The French, too, are beginning to construct light speedboats carrying two torpedo tubes, and of great speed.

The usefulness of the giant merchant liner is now questioned. The suggestion is made that the continuous increase in the size of liners is more a matter of vanity than economy, and that after a certain point increase of size makes for dear working. It is also pointed out that the mammoth ship is less easily handled in port, and that she is a case of putting too many eggs in one basket.

As our readers know, the Government is now aiding the completion on the Clyde of a giant Cunarder of 73,000 tons. Undoubtedly she will do much for British maritime prestige. We have no other very big ship on the stocks, the next largest being six motor-ships ranging between 10,000 and 15,000 tons apiece.

ARMOUR OF AN UNKNOWN SOLDIER Did He See Troy Fall?

Armour such as might have been worn at the Siege of Troy was the thrilling find of some workmen in Italy.

Never before in Italy had so complete a suit of ancient armour been discovered. It is thought to be at least 2200 years old.

All that time it has lain in the earth at the feet of its wearer, whose skeleton crumbled to dust as the workmen bent over it. But the beaten gilded bronze of the armour would protect a man today. The cuirass, with hinged back and front pieces, is a beautiful piece of work, with a trace or two left of the leather undercoat. The cap-shaped bronze helmet has gold and silver ear-pieces and straps for plumes, while beside it were found two eyes of gold and enamel made to fit in the helmet eye-holes.

The famous Parthenon Frieze in the British Museum shows soldiers wearing armour like this, and experts are speculating whether Aeneas may not have settled here at Lanuvio, thirty miles from Rome, after the Trojan Wars.

But the armour was not the only find. Quite a little museum of objects had also been buried at the feet of this Unknown Soldier.

A PRESENT TO BELFAST

Belfast Castle is now Belfast's own, presented to it by Lord Shaftesbury, for whose family the castle was built in the middle of last century.

No longer need Belfast worry about a dance hall, which it had estimated would cost it £20,000. The castle has a ballroom ready. As for public parks and pleasure grounds Belfast will be rich in them, for 200 acres on the slopes of Cave Hill go with the castle and join the two estates of Hazlewood and Bellevue which the city has already laid out.

THE MICRO-RAY New Invisible Link at Work

SAFEGUARDING CROSS-CHANNEL AEROPLANES

A new and invisible link has been provided between Lympne and St Inglevert.

These two important stations on the airway to the Continent and beyond stand at the gateways of England and France, and much information passes between them, notifications of departing and arriving planes making the Channel crossing, frequent weather reports, and so on.

Owing to pressure of business urgent messages have often been delayed, so that a private telephone service has now been installed. It is operated on the new micro-ray system in which messages are transmitted from an aerial only an inch long on a wave-length of about 17 centimetres. Reflectors concentrate the ray into a beam which can be directed as needed.

The system is admirable for communication over short distances, being almost free from atmospheric and other disturbances, and it gives a great degree of privacy. The power needed for its operation, moreover, is no greater than that used for lighting a pocket flashlamp.

Talking and Teleprinter

The apparatus in use at the two aerodromes enables telephone conversations to be carried on at the same time as messages are being sent by teleprinter. By the teleprinter system a message can be typed out at the sending station and is reproduced automatically at the other end. Thus there is small chance of error.

This is the first commercial use of the micro-ray system, and light planes which have no wireless will be safeguarded by it when making Channel crossings. Before going out to sea they must circle the coast aerodrome so that their registration letters can be seen. This information is transmitted to the aerodrome on the other side and a look-out is kept. If the plane does not appear within a reasonable time search and rescue measures are put in operation in the Channel.

A REST ROOM STORY The Old Age Pensioners of Madeley

We know that the C.N. is read in the Old Age Pensioners Rest Room at Madeley in Shropshire, and so we send through these pages our congratulations on their fine new room.

When we first wrote about the Rest Room it was one small room in a house, put on one side for the old people to wait in when they called at the post office for their pensions. It was the idea of Mr. R. N. Moore, who could not bear to see these old folk waiting in the cold, and, like most good seed, it has grown and spread.

Instead of a place to wait in, the Room has become a Club to spend happy hours in; a place of concerts and parties and companionship, and a goodwill which does not stay within four walls. During the last year it has arranged summer outings, visits to those in hospital, wireless for those at home in bed, a week's holiday for a blind man, and free bus drives for 100 children on each Bank Holiday.

And finally there is the great achievement of the new Rest Room itself, whose building has been helped by wonderfully generous gifts in the neighbourhood, the Pensioners having contributed £35 toward the £1500 needed. It is obvious that there is a fine spirit in Madeley.

NEPTUNE AND PLUTO THE OUTERMOST PLANETS

How the Astronomers Found Another World

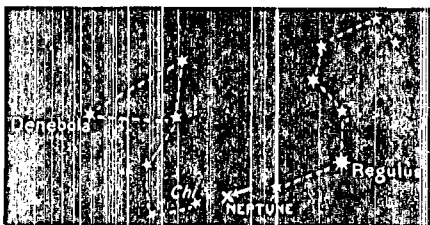
A 2000-MILLION-MILE PULL

By the C.N. Astronomer

The constellation of Leo, the Lion, now high in the south-east about 9 o'clock in the evening, is of interest because it contains the planet Neptune.

But as this remote world requires good field-glasses or a telescope to reveal its presence it may be necessary to be familiar with the position of the chief stars of Leo, as shown by the star-map. By means of the brighter luminaries, the faint fourth-magnitude star Chi in Leo may be easily discerned on any clear, dark night. Now Neptune appears to the right of this star, about two degrees away, that is, about four times the apparent width of the Moon.

This small star Chi to which Neptune appears so near is, of course, very much



The chief stars of Leo, showing the present position of Neptune

farther from Neptune than this distant world is from us; for Chi is actually about 714,000 times more distant, its light taking about 326 years to reach us, whereas the light from Neptune at the present time takes only four hours.

Twelve months ago Neptune was nearly two degrees farther away from the star Chi, that is, as seen from the Earth. The arrow in the star-map indicates the progress Neptune has made in a year, approximately a 165th part of the circumference of the heavens; and from this we see that this is about the time Neptune takes to complete its orbit round the Sun, actually 164 years and 280 days, to be precise.

Neptune appeared very close to Regulus five years ago; we thus realise how slowly this great distant world creeps round the heavens—as observed by us. Nevertheless it is actually speeding through space at a terrific rate, seven times faster than a shot from a gun, its rate averaging 200 miles a minute. Thus we are able to grasp visually the fact of a body travelling with this great velocity continuously for five years, and covering in this time a distance of some 524 million miles; yet how small the distance appears from our point of view in space.

A Disturbing Effect

It will be remembered that in the C.N. for January 6 the position of Pluto was indicated in Gemini below the star Pollux; this point is now high up and due south about 9 o'clock, when Neptune is in the south-east; thus the relative positions and terrific distances apart of these two outermost planets may be estimated, amounting to over 2500 million miles.

Forty years ago these two worlds were at their nearest to one another and in conjunction, though Pluto was then unknown; but his effect in exercising a forward pull on Neptune had been noted. Ever since 1893, according to the researches of W. H. Pickering, Pluto has been retarding Neptune. This reached a maximum of over four seconds of arc annually during 1904 to 1906, but has now reached a minimum.

It may be recalled that it was this disturbing effect upon Neptune that was one of the chief factors which led to the calculation of the position of Pluto by both Lowell and Pickering and its ultimate discovery in 1930. G. F. M.

C.N. Questions ABOUT MUSIC

We have asked our Music Correspondent to answer a few questions from time to time.

What is Opera?

Opera Musica is its real name and it means a musical work.

The first opera was a very simple affair of a few voices and musicians hidden behind a curtain. It was composed by Peri in 1600, and he called it Euridice.

When musical instruments increased in number the style of opera altered. Covent Garden Opera House was built in Handel's time, 1732, to contain a larger audience, more singers, and a bigger orchestra. At that time prima-donnas were very scarce, and sometimes the favourites would try to have the music and the words altered to show off their best notes, and opera fell upon bad times, musically.

Gluck put an end to this when he wrote operas which really expressed human feelings. Wagner and Strauss seem to have said the last word in Opera as we now know it. The form still remains the most difficult of all to realise, for a composer has to make sure of a dramatic story, the best singers, a first-rate orchestra, good scenery, and sometimes dancers too.

What is a Harpsichord?

The word was invented because it was seen that the instrument had a harp-like shape, and when a keyboard was added chords could be struck on it.

Virginals, spinets, and clavichords are all like the early harpsichords, the difference being in the way the string is plucked, whether by a quill or wedges of brass.

Queen Elizabeth played the virginal well, and in her day set musical fashions. Instrument-makers and composers were very busy in the 17th and 18th centuries making better instruments and writing music for them. Later harpsichords had a device for opening and shutting the lid to increase or decrease the sound, and there was a separate keyboard with single strings to make soft sounds. All 18th-century orchestras had a harpsichord, played generally by the conductor.

By the 19th century the piano had arrived, for people wanted more light and shade in music, and the harpsichord could not produce it. Mr Dolmetsch still makes them for various countries, and two years ago the modern Spanish composer De Falla wrote a beautiful piece for harpsichord and small orchestra.

Curiously enough, a Spaniard wrote the best early harpsichord music, Domenico Scarlatti, whose music sounds fresh even today.

What is an Intermezzo?

It means between two halves.

When Opera was in its early stages it consisted of a few melodies, choruses, and duets; the music was formality itself. Only rich people and those of the Court attended opera performances, and, unless a particularly good artiste appeared, they would talk and laugh loudly throughout the evening. Plots were often thin, and, once the singer's best notes had been reached, there was little to hold the audience's attention. Then the idea of sandwiching between the two parts a lively piece of music soon became popular, so much so that it was difficult to get the audience to stay for the second half at all. These intermezzi eventually became a thing apart; they were the birth of comic opera itself.

In Mascagni's opera Cavalleria Rusticana there is another kind of intermezzo, which is supposed to mean the passing of time from one part of the story to another, without the lowering of the curtain.

At the Russian Ballet evenings, a little while ago, orchestral pieces were played as intermezzi. Often a young and unknown composer's work was introduced in this way.

SQUIRRELS BUILDING A NEST

WHAT THE KEEPER FOUND

Rarest Animal in the Zoo Celebrates Its 11th Anniversary

POOR LONELY JENNY

By Our Zoo Correspondent

Although the grey squirrels in our parks and woods increase at an alarming rate they seldom breed when confined in cages, and so the Zoo felt gratified when, some 18 months ago, a pair of grey squirrels in the small Mammal House had a family and reared one of their offspring. It is again hoped that the two squirrels intend to have a nursery this spring, for they are working hard to build a nest.

Their quarters in the menagerie consist of an indoor den with a communicating outdoor apartment furnished with branches of trees. The squirrels started to strip the twigs from them and built a nest on a forked branch. Then, evidently having decided that this was not a good place, they pulled the nest down, carried the twigs indoors, and built one in their sleeping-box.

A Foster Mother of Mice

They are still working hard at it, and the Zoo is waiting patiently to see if in due course a family of baby squirrels will make its appearance. But until they are actually seen the presence of the youngsters will not be believed, for once a pair of dorsal squirrels managed to deceive their keeper. The female built a nest with great care and lined it with fur plucked from her underside; then one day, to his great delight, the keeper heard baby squeaks coming from the nest. Awaiting his opportunity, when she was away from the nest, he opened the door of the cage and peeped inside. Instead of a family of squirrels was a family of mice! The squirrel had not only allowed the mouse to use her nest as a place for her babies, but had adopted the whole family!

In the days when grey squirrels were plentiful in Regent's Park nests were found in many unexpected corners of the Zoo, in the caves of houses, by the stokehole of a furnace. One afternoon, when the keepers were placing a howdah on the back of a riding elephant they heard squeaks. A squirrel had built a nest in a corner of the saddle, and inside were two baby squirrels.

Half-Goat Half-Antelope

The rarest animal at the Zoo has just celebrated the eleventh anniversary of her arrival, but no one called to congratulate her. For this animal is the taking Jenny, and as well as being the most valuable inmate of the Zoo she is the loneliest. A strange creature, half-goat and half-antelope, she lives all by herself on the Mappin Terrace, completely overshadowed on one side by the ever-popular bears and on the other by the penguins.

She has no companion, for she is the only one of her kind in captivity.

These uncouth-looking animals live in the inaccessible mountains of Bhutan and Eastern Tibet; and not only is it difficult to reach their home, but they are regarded as sacred, and anyone caught shooting or capturing them is severely punished.

EAST BECOMES WEST

We all know what Rudyard Kipling said about East and West:

Never the twain shall meet.

But at Beccles in Suffolk a certain Miss East married a Mr West.

We found ourselves the other day in a church at Chatham where the east wall has become the west wall; now this wedding upsets the poet once more. It only shows how dangerous it is for writers to make sweeping assertions.



**Sturdy
and Strong
... thanks to
'Ovaltine'**

THE mother of this happy, healthy girl writes: "'Ovaltine' has proved a wonderful friend to Valerie. Although very delicate at birth, she is one of the sturdiest and strongest of children now, thanks to 'Ovaltine'."

Delicious 'Ovaltine' is the perfect daily beverage for children. Scientifically prepared from the highest qualities of malt, milk and eggs, 'Ovaltine' is supremely rich in the natural nutritive elements necessary for promoting healthy growth and for creating abundant reserves of energy and vitality.

But remember, it *must* be 'Ovaltine.' Imitations are made to *look* like 'Ovaltine' but there are obvious and extremely important differences.

'Ovaltine' does not contain Household Sugar. Furthermore, it does not contain Starch. Nor does it contain Chocolate, or a large percentage of Cocoa. Reject substitutes—they are not "like 'Ovaltine'."

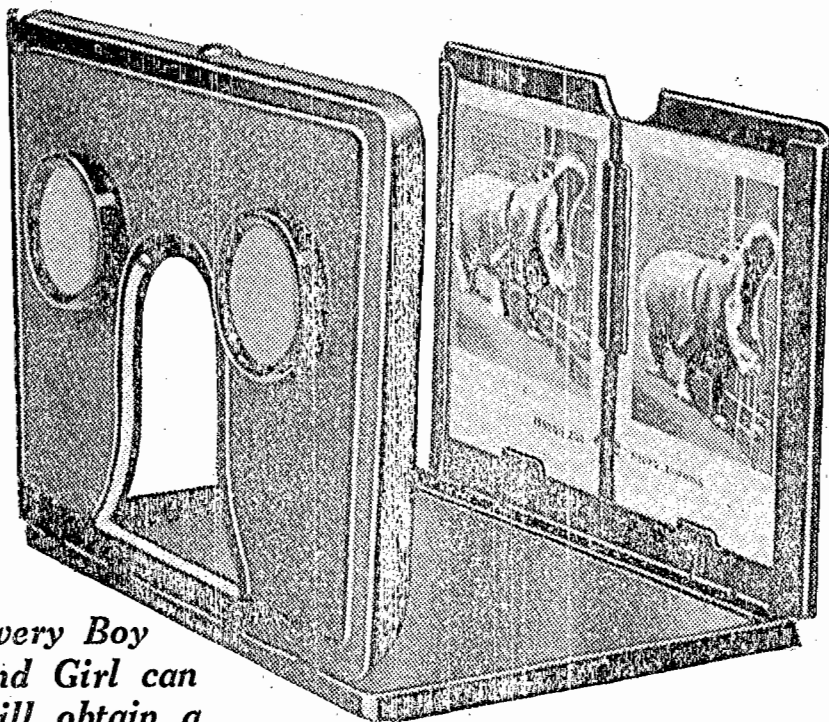
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A STEREOSCOPE is described in the dictionary as an instrument combining two views of an object taken at slightly different angles into a single image with effect of solidity. It is really amazing. Held up to the light and correctly focussed, it is startling in its effect. What first

appears to be an ordinary picture becomes something living and vital.

With every stereoscope we send you six special stereoscope cards showing animals at the Zoo: lions, penguins, pelicans, crocodiles, hippo and the quaint Sambur.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

Fill in the form below, undertaking to take the next six issues of the Children's Newspaper, and then send it to us, together with a Postal Order for 1s. Your stereoscope will be forwarded by return of post. There is no waiting, nothing to pay except 1s. and nothing to do except to promise to take the Children's Newspaper for at least six weeks.

FILL IN THIS FORM TODAY

I have given my newsagent an order for the next six issues of the Children's Newspaper. Please send me Folding Stereoscope and Cards in accordance with your special offer. I enclose P.O. value one shilling.

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Address

Enclose these in a sealed envelope with 1½d stamp on it and address to:

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OUR ENEMY FOG

A Surprising Thing About It

THE SPACES BETWEEN THE DROPS

In recent investigations into the nature of fog, made by the United States Weather Bureau with the object of minimising its danger to shipping and aircraft, it was discovered that dense fog contains only eight per cent of the water in the atmosphere, the remainder being uncondensed and not in liquid form, a discovery rather surprising.

A block of fog three feet wide, six feet high, and 100 feet long contained less than a seventh of a glass of water, and this was distributed among 60 billion drops.

According to Professor Humphries of the United States Weather Bureau the drops are so excessively small that if there were a million to a cubic inch the empty spaces between them would be 30,000 times greater than the volume occupied by all the liquid present.

In the most foggy region of the world, off the Newfoundland banks, 60 per cent of the summer days and 30 per cent of the winter days are foggy, while in the English Channel fog averages 19 days in the year.

Experiments to disperse fog, made over a number of years and including such methods as electrical precipitation and the sprinkling of electrified sand and electrified water from aircraft above fog layers, have had no effect whatever.

Thus fog still remains the greatest enemy of seamen and aviators. Even in these scientific days the most that can be done is to adopt protective measures against it, and hope for the best.

A.P.A. HAS A FRIEND

The C.I.U.C. Joins in the Other Fellow's Point of View

A Committee of International Understanding and Cooperation has been formed with the object of trying to see the other fellow's point of view.

The C.I.U.C. will help us to know what the man in the other country thinks and why he thinks so. It has linked itself up with the A.P.A., the All People's Association, which is doing much the same thing. Sir Evelyn Wrench, one of the most active and one of the most beneficent men in our public life, is the connecting link between these two bodies working in unison.

A central office has been opened at 9 Arlington Street, London, W.1, with reading and writing-rooms and an information bureau. In the library are the best and most up-to-date books in French, German, Italian, and Spanish, while weekly language evenings are arranged. An important thing is the complete absence of political propaganda.

A.P.A. already has organisations in Austria, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, France, Germany, Holland, Hungary, Italy, Latvia, Poland, and Sweden, and the C.I.U.C. will carry this work on through friendliness into the realms of knowledge and understanding.

EMPIRE FOOD IN FOREIGN SHIPS

It is reported that 8000 tons of Australian wheat are to be brought to this country by a Norwegian vessel at a rate slightly lower than that quoted by British shipowners.

This seems to us a misfortune in view of the depressed condition of our shipping trade. The British importers, it is said, will save about sixpence a ton by employing the Norwegian ship.

Such questions are not easy to decide in normal times, but we live in times of emergency, when all the normal rules are set aside for the great purpose of maintaining our people.

THROUGH THE YEAR WITH THE POETS

February 17

HEINE PASSES ON

BUT was it thou—I think
Surely it was—that bard
Unnamed, who, Goethe said,
Had every other gift, but wanted
love;
Love, without which the tongue
Even of angels sounds amiss?

Charm is the glory which makes
Song of the poet divine;
Love is the fountain of charm.
How without charm wilt thou draw,
Poet! the world to thy way?
Not by the lightnings of wit!
Not by the thunder of scorn!
These to the world, too, are given;
Wit it possesses, and scorn:
Charm is the poet's alone.
Hollow and dull are the great,
And artists envious, and the mob
profane.

We know all this, we know!
Can'st thou from heaven, O child
Of light! but this to declare?
Alas! to help us forget
Such barren knowledge awhile,
God gave the poet his song.

Therefore a secret unrest
Tortured thee, brilliant and bold!
Therefore triumph itself
Tasted amiss to thy soul.
Therefore, with blood of thy foes,
Trickled in silence thine own.
Therefore the victor's heart
Broke on the field of his fame.

Matthew Arnold

A THANK-YOU FROM CAIRO

£40 For the War Horse Fund

The Treasurer of the Old War Horse Fund writes to us from Cairo to say that C.N. readers have sent over £40 to the fund.

This will be a very great help in rescuing from pain, starvation, and overwork the hundreds of army horses that were left in Egypt when our troops were recalled after the war.

The Government sold them rather than have the trouble of bringing them back to England; and the result was that 22,000 horses and mules were left in the hands of people who cared little for animal suffering.

Thanks to the Old War Horse Fund about a thousand of these horses have now been rescued from a miserable existence, and the £40 from C.N. readers will go toward buying the three or four hundred still left.

THE WIND AND THE SMOKE

An Idea For Steam Engines

Though electric trains would seem to be ousting steam engines, experiments are still being made on the old type of engine, and recent wind tunnel experiments by the Canadian National Railways may lead to a new class of locomotive with less wind resistance, smarter design, and clearer vision from the engine cab.

It has been found that the cause for steam sweeping downward on engines is the eddying wind flow which clings to a locomotive travelling at high speed, but these experiments show that only a slight modification would be necessary in the design of the cab to lessen wind resistance by a third.

This new design would also introduce a layer of clean air under the smoke ribbon, lifting it above the cab and train.

THE MASTER OF THE MOOR

A New Serial Story

By T. C. Bridges

What Has Happened Before

Glen Tallach, a fine estate in Scotland, has been left to Archie Grant on the understanding that he proves worthy of his inheritance.

He is a spoilt and self-indulgent boy, and his guardian, Mr Chard, can see no hope for him unless somebody of his own age will take him in hand and make a man of him.

Neil Forsyth accepts the job, but insists on taking Archie right away from his present surroundings.

At the beginning of their adventures Archie gets himself tangled up with some rough salmon poachers.

CHAPTER 5

Cold Water—and Hot

NEIL seized Archie and dragged him up on the bank.

"Come on, we've got to run for it."

"I can't. These waders," gasped Archie.

Neil fairly groaned. For the moment he had forgotten the waders, great things weighing five pounds apiece and strapped over Archie's shoulders.

The poacher came striding up out of the water. He was a fierce-eyed, red-bearded giant. "Aye, it's a spy," he bellowed, as he dropped his spear and grasped Neil with his mighty fist.

"Throw him in! Droon him!" came angry voices.

"I'm no spy," returned Neil boldly.

"Ye'd say that," retorted the giant harshly, and, thrusting the lower end of his torch into the soft soil, picked up Neil as easily as if he had been a baby.

"He's not a spy," cried Archie, and caught the big man's left arm with both hands.

"He came to meet me,"

"And hoo did he get past yon guard?" demanded the big poacher. "Likely you're a spy, too."

"Nothing of the sort. Ask Mr Renny," returned Archie, with a spirit which surprised Neil. Then he spoiled it all.

"Don't you dare lay hands on us. You'll suffer for it if you do."

There was a laugh at this.

"Mebbe he's the King o' Scotland," jeered one. "Throw him in, Gibbie."

But Gibbie, the giant, hesitated.

"Whaur's Renny? We'll need to get to the bottom of this."

A sharp whistle rang through the still air.

"It's Andy," muttered one of the poachers. "The police!"

"Aye, the police," growled Gibbie. "I kenned I was richt." With one swing he hurled Neil out into the pool, then stooped, seized Archie and sent him flying after.

Neil, who swam like a fish, came up in a moment, quite unhurt, to see Gibbie and the others plunging away down the path. Then he saw men racing down the hill and heard loud shouts.

He turned to look for Archie, but Archie was not there, and Neil's blood ran colder than the water around him.

The torches were gone except Gibbie's and it was pretty dark. It came to Neil with a shock of horror that Archie must have been thrown against a rock, been stunned and sunk.

Then he caught a glimpse of something white farther out. A splash of foam. He got his feet down, for the water was only about three feet deep, struggled across and grabbed something. It was Archie.

"Are you hurt?" Neil asked anxiously, but got no reply. He dragged Archie to the bank and laid him down. Archie had swallowed more water than was good for him but he was not really much the worse. He spluttered and gulped.

"Where's that big brute who threw me in?" were his first words.

"A mile away. I say, can you walk? The keepers will be here in two-tens."

It was less than that, for, as Neil spoke, a powerful young fellow in rough tweeds came crashing down the bank.

"Here's two of them," he exclaimed and seized Neil.

"Steady on!" said Neil. "We're not poachers."

Gibbie's torch which he had stuck in the ground was still burning. By its light Neil saw the look on the young keeper's face.

"That's a lee," said the man flatly. "Look to his waders," pointing at Archie.

"Let me explain," said Neil, trying to speak calmly; but Archie spoiled it.

"I was humbugged into it," he said angrily. "Aye, I've heard you tale before," returned the keeper, with a sneering laugh.

"Ye can tell it to the Justices in the morn," he added significantly.

Neil felt desperate. If he and Archie were run in there was no help for them. He and Archie would be sent to prison and

then what would Mr Chard say? He made a last effort.

"Indeed, it's all a mistake!" he said.

"We two are on a walking tour—"

"Aye," broke in the other. "And the next walking ye do will be in the prison yard. Come on, noo. I've no time to waste wi' your blethering." Holding Neil with one big hand and Archie with the other, he hauled them up the bank to the path.

Archie lost his temper. "You'll hear more of this," he stormed. "You'll get the sack."

"And ye will get a cuff on the heid if ye don't stop your noise," said the keeper.

Neil said no more. He was feeling positively sick. Not a day away from home, and up to their necks in trouble.

By the birch grove, where the path dipped, an older man was standing, holding a flash lamp. He had a prisoner, but his face was bleeding and his coat torn.

"So ye have a pair of the beauties, Jock," he said with grim satisfaction. Then as he saw them more plainly, "Why, they're only lads," he added.

"Aye, but both were in the watter and one's wearing waders."

"It was Renny gave me the waders. He told me it was his water," shrieked Archie.

Neil paid no attention to him. He was staring at the elder keeper. "It's Hugh Lachlan," he exclaimed sharply.

Lachlan turned his flash on Neil.

"Young Mr Forsyth!" he replied, in an equally astonished voice. "And what is it you are doing in our river?"

"All I've done in the river was to pull Archie Grant out," Neil answered. "As he's trying to tell you, he was humbugged into it. If you'll listen a minute I'll tell you the whole thing."

"Aye, I'll listen," said Lachlan grimly.

Neil told him exactly what had happened. The only thing he did not explain was Renny's probable motive in getting him and Archie into trouble.

"Weel," he said at last. "I'm no thinking a Forsyth would lee. But I'll need to hear what Macallum has to say. Jock, take ye charge of this mon and I'll go doon to the hotel."

Neil drew a deep breath of relief. He was pulled out of as ugly a fix as he had ever fallen into, but he shivered to think what might have happened except for his luck in meeting a keeper who knew him.

CHAPTER 6

The Tinkler

"If ever I meet Renny again I'll give him a lesson," growled Archie, as he and Neil were strapping on their rucksacks before starting next morning.

"Don't worry," Neil answered dryly.

"You'll meet him all right."

Neil had been thinking. After all, why not tell Archie just where he stood. It might do him good. "Come on," he said.

"I'll explain as we go."

Macallum was waiting to say goodbye. "If you see Renny again I wish you'd let me know," he said. "The fellow sneaked off without paying his bill."

"I'll let you know," promised Neil. He shook hands and was off.

"Now listen to me, Archie," he said, as they rounded the first corner. "I believe that Renny is in with your cousin Duncan Mackay, and that between them they're trying to queer your pitch."

Archie's face went rather white.

"You mean it was a plant to get me into a row with Mr Chard?"

"I can't prove it, but that is exactly what I do mean," Neil told him.

Archie stopped and stamped. "The brute! I never heard of such a thing. He ought to be half killed!"

Neil chuckled. "So you'll have someone else to lick besides me, Grant," he said.

Archie sobered suddenly.

"Yes, but don't you think you're going to get off, Forsyth?" He paused. "All the same, I'm obliged to you for pulling me out last night."

Neil was pleased. Archie might be all sorts of a fool, yet the stuff was there and would come out with proper treatment.

He turned off the road through a gate. "Going over the moor?" asked Archie.

"Yes, there's a short cut by the pass over Ben Harray. A bit of a climb, but good for your wind. And I know a jolly place, a sort of hollow, where we can lunch."

Archie grumbled but came, and soon the two were tramping up a path leading along the side of a tumbling mountain burn.

This was real deer forest and wild, lovely country. Not a house in sight. To the

Continued on the next page

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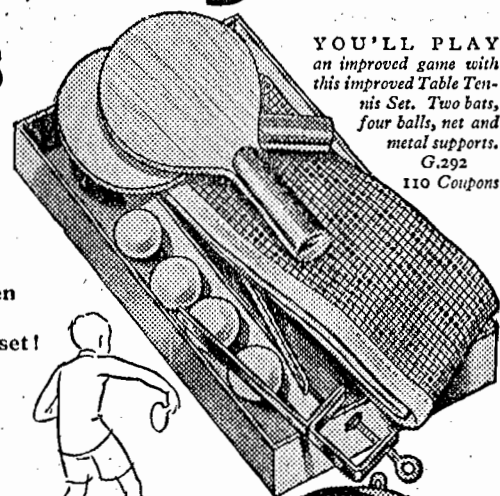
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keep
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and
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12A/33

right towered the enormous bulk of Ben Harran, to the left was a deep glen. The hillsides were purple with heather and here and there scattered birch trees clung to the precipitous slopes.

The path became steeper and Archie began to puff. Neil let him go slowly. As they gained height the air grew keener, but the sun was warm. It was a perfect day. Neil stopped again and pointed upward. A great bird, a good six feet from wing tip to wing tip, was soaring overhead.

"A golden eagle," he told Archie. "We may see ptarmigan on the tops."

The path led round a shoulder of the mountain. To the left the rocks dropped away in a tremendous slope, almost a precipice. Hundreds of feet below the burn shone like a thread of silver.

"Here's the place I told you about, where we'll stop for lunch."

Long—long ago a cloudburst must have broken on Ben Harran, and its force had scooped a great cavity in the mountainside. Its flat floor was now a beautiful green turf, while the rocky sides formed a complete protection from the chill breeze. A spring broke from under the cliff forming a rivulet which trickled across the path and seeped away down the steep descent.

"Not bad," agreed Archie as he flung himself down. "My word, I'm tired!"

"It will be all downhill this afternoon," Neil comforted him, and set to getting the lunch out of their haversacks. Macallum had given them tongue sandwiches, scones and butter, and some most excellent jam puffs packed in a cardboard box.

"Not a bad feed," admitted Archie, as he bit into a sandwich. The sandwiches vanished like magic, the two had got to the jam puffs when a shadow fell across them.

"Hae ye a bannock to spare?" came a whining voice.

Neil, looking up sharply, saw a tall, gaunt man standing over them. His skin was burned brown as an Arab's, his hair was long, black and greasy, and it was clear that he had not shaved for some time. Neither had he washed. His hands were like talons, the long finger-nails black as ink. Neil knew in an instant what he was—a tinkler, one of those Scottish gypsies who prowl about the Highlands, and live by peddling and thieving. This was the worst specimen Neil had ever seen.

Archie was glaring at the man. He was evidently on the point of ordering him off. That would be dangerous. The fellow was big enough and ugly enough to make serious trouble. Neil gave Archie a quick, sharp look, and Archie saw it and had sense enough to keep quiet.

"We haven't much left," said Neil to the man, "but you're welcome to a bannock." He handed one over and the man wolfed it in two bites. Neil gave him the last one, and that went too.

"Hae ye ony tobacco?" was the tinkler's next question.

"No," said Neil. "We don't smoke." "Then gie me a few coppers to buy some," whined the man.

Neil did not a bit like the look in his deep-set eyes, and this was about as lonely a place as any in Scotland. But he did not want trouble. He put his hand into the pocket of his flannel shorts and fished out some pennies. Unfortunately there was a half-crown among the coppers.

"I'll tak the siller," growled the man, and grabbed the half-crown.

Archie was boiling already and this was altogether too much for him.

"No you don't, you thief!" he shouted, and springing up went for the tinkler. He tried to snatch the half-crown away, but with a back swing of his long left arm the tinkler knocked him spinning.

"And I'll have the rest noo," he snarled as he turned on Neil.

Neil knew he would have no chance at all once in the grip of this big brute. He darted away. The tinkler came after him with long strides. Neil made for the opening toward the path. Alone he could probably have outrun the tinkler, but there was Archie to think of. The best thing seemed to him to be to draw the tinkler away down the path and give Archie a chance to recover.

The luck was against Neil. As he raced through the opening, going all out, he put his foot on a loose stone and stumbled to his knees. He was not hurt, but before he could get to his feet again the tinkler was on him, and he felt the man's great horrible hands clutch him by the shoulders. The fellow caught him a clout on the head that half stunned him. "That will learn ye to try to rin awa," he growled. "Noo gie me all ye have and be sharp about it."

TO BE CONTINUED

Isn't Hovis Good!

Hovis is much richer in food value than ordinary bread

HōVIS

Best Bakers Bake it

Macclesfield

JACKO GETS LOST IN THE FOG

GRANDPA JACKO was one of those people who hate to be left out of anything. One day Aunt Matilda decided to give a tea-party to celebrate her birthday. Grandpa said he would go even if it cost him a week in bed.

But when the day came the bath-chair man was late; so when Grandpa, all impatience, caught sight of Jacko running past the house, he rapped on

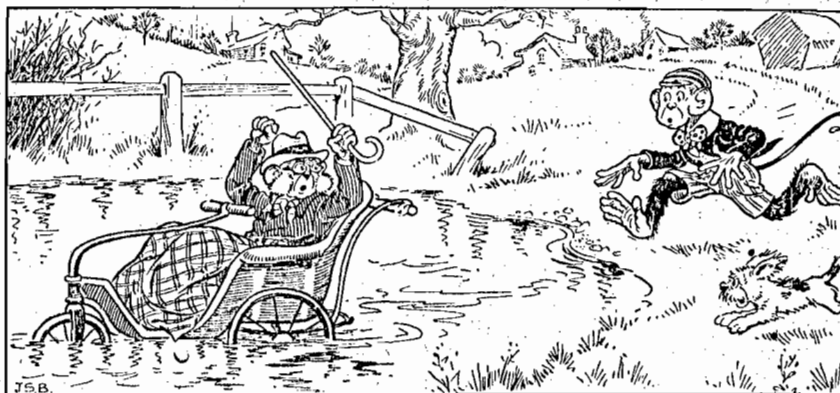
"I hope you can find your way, boy," said Grandpa.

So did Jacko, but all he said was, "That's all right, Grandpa; don't worry."

"Push on, boy," said the old gentleman; "I want to get out of this."

Jacko pushed on. But he had no idea where he was going.

"I'll have to leave you for a bit, Grandpa," he said at last, "and see if



In the middle of the pond sat Grandpa

the window-pane and beckoned him in. "Hi! boy," he cried, "I want to get to Aunt Matilda's."

"That's easy," cried Jacko. "Hop in; I'll have you there in a twinkling."

Jacko's pace was a bit rapid for Grandpa's comfort, but he was too thankful not to lose his treat to say anything. Jacko enjoyed himself too. He was just starting on his third helping of plum cake when somebody said it was getting terribly foggy and Grandpa ought to be getting home. So Jacko muffled him up and off they started.

As they went along the fog got thicker and thicker.

I can find out where we are."

He gave the chair a push, farther back, as he thought, from the road, and ran off. His idea, of course, was to discover his whereabouts and perhaps borrow a lantern. But, though he raced up and down for some time, no sign of a house could he find. And then, as suddenly as it had come down, the fog lifted, and all the old landmarks popped up. Jacko, to his amazement, found himself staring at the village green.

In the middle of the green was the village pond; and in the middle of the pond, scarlet with indignation, sat Grandpa in his bath-chair!

'What is the 4TH CONDIMENT?'



"I thought there were only three condiments," said the Fork, "pepper, mustard and salt."

"No, four," corrected the Salt, "you mustn't forget H.P. Sauce, the great favourite. It is just as much a 'regular' as we are."

HP SAUCE

of course!

What? Only 9d. the bottle!

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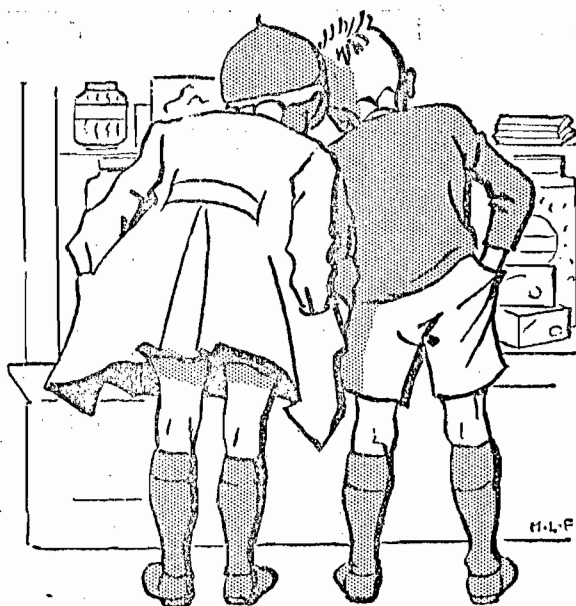
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it's good!
Toffee!

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WHAT do they spend their pennies on?

How seriously they take it! The Chancellor of the Exchequer is not more serious on Budget Day!

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Why Cadburys Milk Chocolate is good for your children

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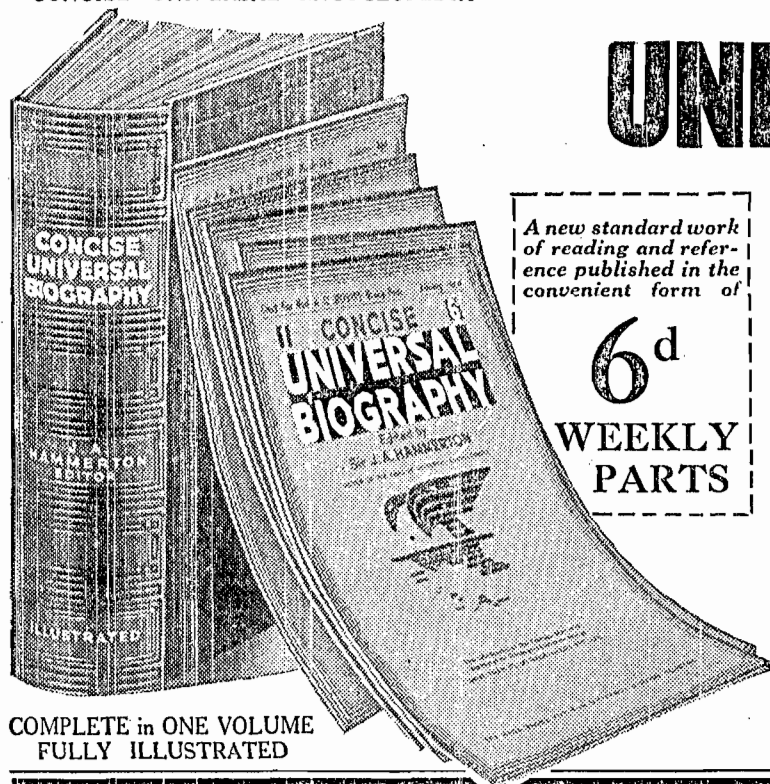
It is used within a few hours of milking; the vitamins A and B and the specially valuable vitamin D are conserved. The calcium and phosphates that the children need to build proper bones and teeth are retained. The energy-giving value of the chocolate itself is also very high. Doctors recommend chocolate as an excellent food. Because of its concentrated nourishment, it is included in the supplies of all Polar expeditions.



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PARTS

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February 17, 1934

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THE BRAN TUB

Uncle's Pound

SAID Uncle to his four nephews, to whose home he was on a visit: "Here is a pound to divide among you. William is the eldest, so he will have a shilling more than Thomas; Thomas will have a shilling more than James; and James will have a shilling more than Charles, who is the youngest." How much did each boy receive?

Answer next week

Next Week in the Countryside

THE greenfinch has begun to sing, and the ringdove is heard cooing. Jackdaws begin to resort to chimneys. The drone-fly appears on the wing. Earthworms lie out in the open. The heath snail comes abroad. The spring crocus, dandelion, sweet-scented coltsfoot, and lesser periwinkle are in blossom.

The Queen's Anchor

WHEN Sir Humphrey Gilbert left England just over 350 years ago to discover Newfoundland Queen Elizabeth presented him with a token in the form of an anchor. It appeared on one of the commemorative stamps issued by Newfoundland last year, and is illustrated here.



A Charade

DEEP in my first my second lies,
Unseen by mortal eyes,
Rough and unknown; yet when
brought forth
Tis deemed a noble prize.
A thief is in the house, you say?
Then shut the doors, each one,
And bar each window firm and
fast:
We'll keep him safe till dawn.
The morning came, loud was the
wall,
And sad, sad was the sight;
The thief had by my whole escaped
And bolted through the night.

Answer next week

Ici On Parle Français



Le saxophone Le saumon La voile
saxophone salmon sail

Le saxophone a la forme d'une pipe.
Nous pêcherons le saumon en Écosse.
La voile est gonflée par le vent.

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

HAS this garden of yours any flowers? asked Fred, doubtfully.

"Of course!" answered Tom proudly. "Lots!"

Fred tried again.

"Any lawns?" he queried suddenly.

"No. No lawns," said Tom.

"A real garden should have a lawn," announced Fred.

"Mine's only a flower-garden," Tom insisted.

"What sorts of flowers?" asked Fred sharply.

"Oh—nasturtiums," said Tom, "and—"

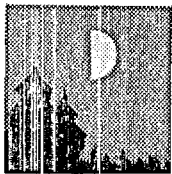
"Geraniums?"

"No. No geraniums. Nasturtiums, and—"

"A flower-garden should have geraniums," Fred declared. "Do bees and butterflies come to your garden?"

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Uranus is in the South-West, Mars and Mercury are in the West, and Jupiter is in the East toward midnight. In the morning Jupiter is in the South. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 6 p.m. on Wednesday, February 21.



Animal Intelligence

WHEN Dr Reid Blair, director of the New York Zoo, was asked which are the most intelligent animals he named ten in this order:

- 1 The chimpanzee 6 The beaver
- 2 The orang-utang 7 The horse
- 3 The elephant 8 The sea-lion
- 4 The gorilla 9 The bear
- 5 The dog 10 The cat

Beautiful Crystals

HERE is a way of getting a beautiful growth of crystals over a small glass jar such as one of those in which potted meats are sold.

Fill about a third of it with very hot water and stir in powdered salt until no more will be dissolved. Stand the jar in some place where it will not be disturbed, and in a day or so the crystals will start to spread over the jar and grow until

every part, including much of the outside, is thickly coated with what looks like hoar frost.

If you colour the salt mixture with water-paint you will get beautiful coloured crystals.

Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for 12 towns. The four weeks up to January 20, 1934, are compared with the corresponding weeks a year ago.

TOWN	1934	1933	1934	1933
London..	4628	4835	5395	6059
Glasgow ..	1676	1714	1221	1746
Liverpool ..	1362	1408	1076	1412
Birmingham..	1182	1168	1186	1678
Belfast ..	661	645	476	595
Edinburgh ..	554	544	523	638
Nottingham..	343	324	388	382
Plymouth ..	294	269	254	226
Swansea ..	200	222	189	169
York ..	79	67	110	107
Watford ..	54	64	50	49
Cambridge ..	49	65	81	69

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

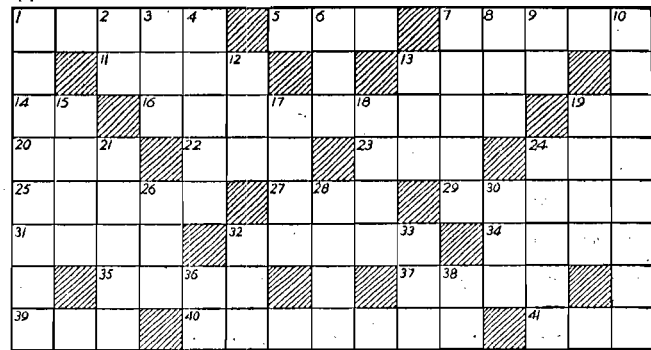
The Surveyor's Puzzle. The mud was two feet deep. The pole was in two feet of mud and four feet of water, with 12 feet above both.

A Charade. Yellow

Riddle in Rhyme. Scales

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 46 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.



Reading Across. 1. The perfect stage of an insect. 5. Custom. 7. Rigid. 11. To fatigue. 13. Pertaining to the air. 14. Preposition. 16. Measures the rise and fall of the Nile. 19. Royal Academician.* 20. Before. 22. A timber tree. 23. Soaked with water. 24. A large liquid measure. 25. To make intricate. 27. Compass point.* 29. An abode. 31. Ardour inspired by enthusiasm. 32. To breathe noisily during sleep. 34. Industrious insects. 35. A dell. 37. Speed. 39. Part of the foot. 40. A Turk. 41. A bishop's diocese.

Reading Down. 1. Concern. 2. Denotes coincidence. 3. A trap. 4. A projecting window. 6. An arithmetical problem. 7. In the jaws of vertebrates. 8. To go astray. 9. Negative. 10. To vanish. 12. A measure of length. 13. Devoured. 15. Spoken. 17. An augury. 18. A large pitcher. 19. Corrosive accretion. 21. To avoid. 24. Melodies. 26. Forty-five degrees North of 27 down. 30. A cereal plant. 32. To place in position. 33. An age. 36. Number.* 38. Indefinite article.

Dr MERRYMAN

Queer

TOM: Some of the questions in this exam paper are queer.
BOB: Yes, and the questioner's the queerist!

His Were First

THE very haughty speaker was doing his utmost to impress his village audience.

"Yaas," he drawled, "my ancestors came over with William the Conqueror."
"Aye, lad," called an old rustic from the body of the hall, "an' no doubt they found mine were here already."

The Life of the Party



SOME little friends were gathered at a party—very gay; And everyone was merry, and all had much to say. But the Spider was the hero, at that feast within the barn, For he really was unrivalled at spinning out a yarn.

Peace

THE new district visitor was making her first call in a dock-side neighbourhood.

"This is a very noisy district, Mrs Smith," she said.

"Yes, ma'am, it is," agreed Mrs Smith, "and the only time we get any peace is when the ships' sirens drown the noise."

Quite Clear

AN old Negro parson was trying to interest some of his flock in a thrift club run by his church.

"You pay in your money to-day," he said, "an' if you want it again you can hab it tomorrow by gibbing a week's notice."

Very Small Selection

IT was at a busy traffic crossing and the car remained stationary although the traffic lights had changed from red to amber and then to green. So the policeman went to investigate.

"What's wrong, miss?" he asked the fair driver. "Haven't we got the colour you like?"

A REAL GARDEN

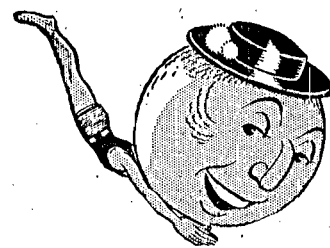
A white butterfly fluttered across the window.

Tom stood stock-still, fascinated; this had never happened before. Here was proof.

The butterfly settled on the nasturtium and folded its wings. It was so close that Tom could see the structure of its body and the downy covering of the wing. He thought of Fred and the matchbox. He raised his hand slowly, slowly. Then suddenly he changed his mind. He withdrew his hand; the butterfly flew away.

"It is a garden," he said though there was no one to hear. "It is a real garden, a flower-garden, but" (and his voice dwindled to an inward mutter) "it's no use telling Fred: he wouldn't believe me."

DON MARMALADE'S DIARY No. 2



I take a dip

Being a M'Armalade Orange from Seville, I have learned that cleanliness should come first after goodness itself.

That is why I am happy to find myself in the care of Robertson, who sees that I am bathed, then thoroughly scrubbed by machinery to ensure I am fit to be reserved.

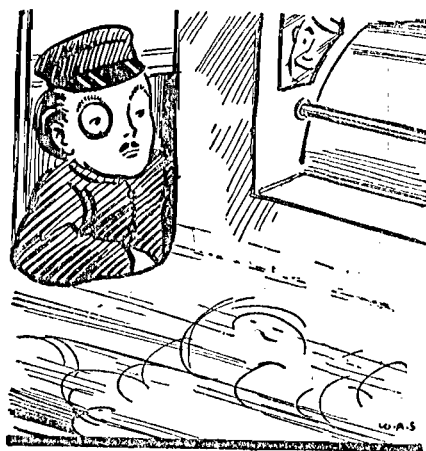
Such treatment makes one feel worthy of 'Golden Shred'—and that's the finest feeling an orange can have—for 'Golden Shred' is

The World's Best Marmalade

'Golden Shred'

ROBERTSONS TAKE THE TROUBLE

*Nature's
Balanced Food*
**SHREDDED
WHEAT**



When his journeys nearly done
And it's a record for the run
Says the driver

*Sharp's the word
and
Sharp's the Toffee*
I like best of all